

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS



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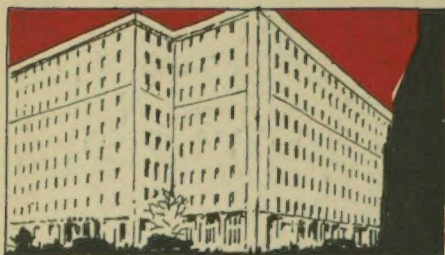
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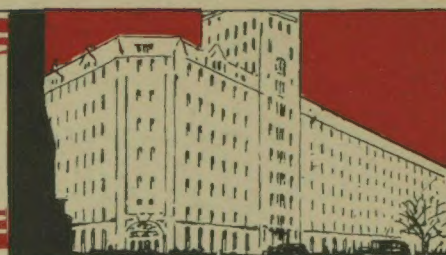
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SEARCHING for flats is a lengthy procedure amongst the hundreds of mammoth blocks which are springing up rapidly all over London. Therefore, in order to save our readers time and inconvenience, this page has been set aside as a reliable guide for all those who are seeking an up-to-date flat, satisfying the modern ideals of comfort, in or adjacent to the West End. Every one is a labour-saving, easily-run home, and the rentals are sufficiently elastic to suit every requirement.

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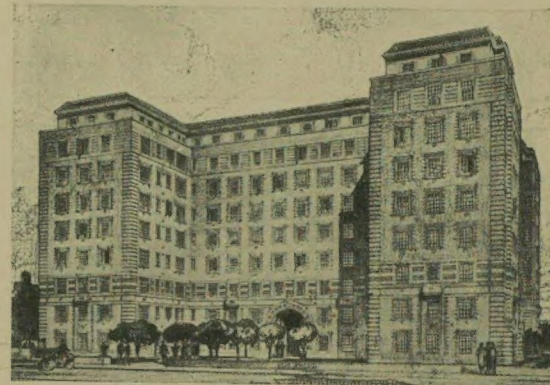
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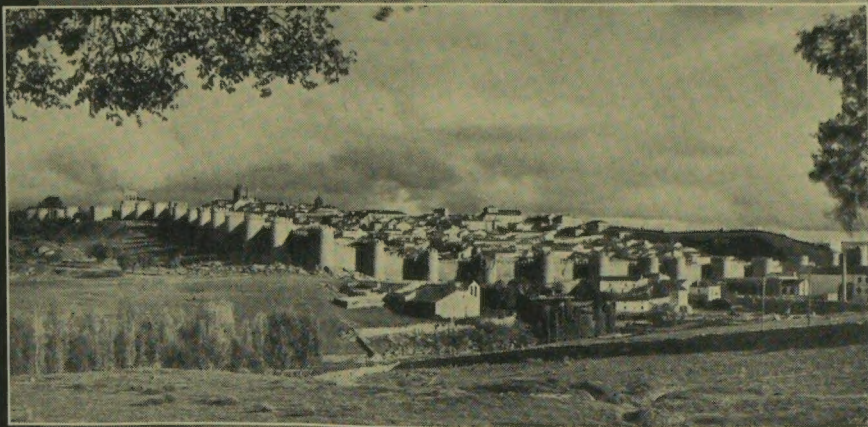
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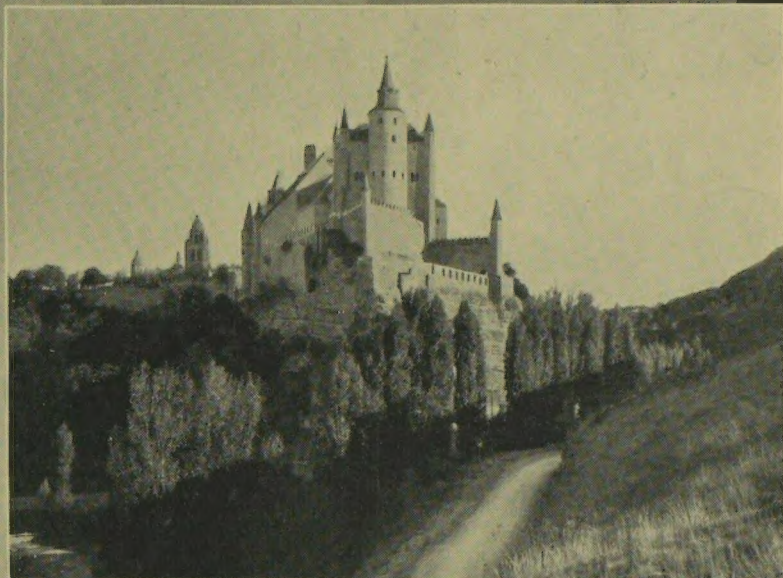
Inquiries regarding advertisement space on this special page should be addressed to I.L.N., Room 120, 346, Strand, W.C.2

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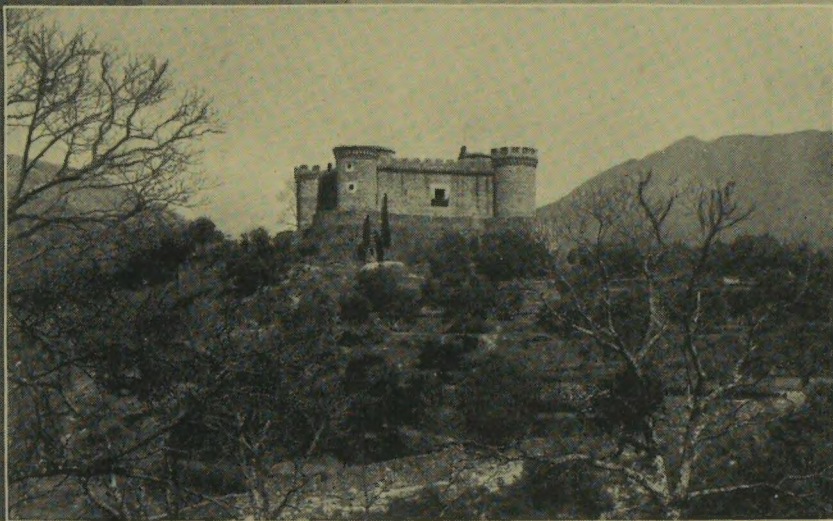
CASTLES OF SPAIN



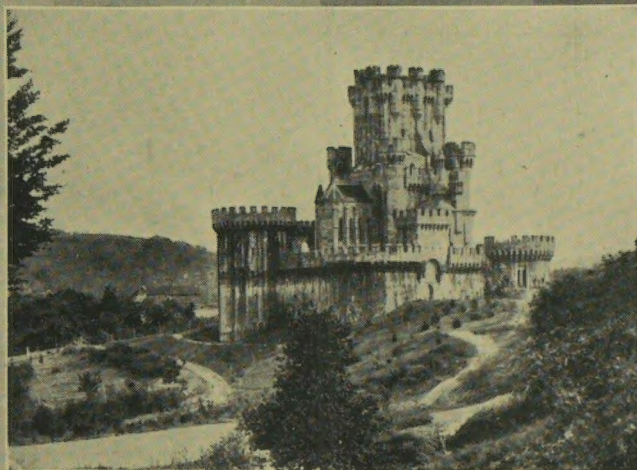
Avila. General view.



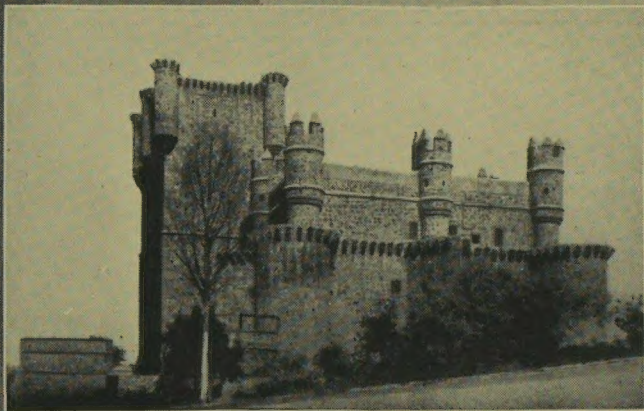
Alcázar of Segovia.



Castle of Mombeltrán.

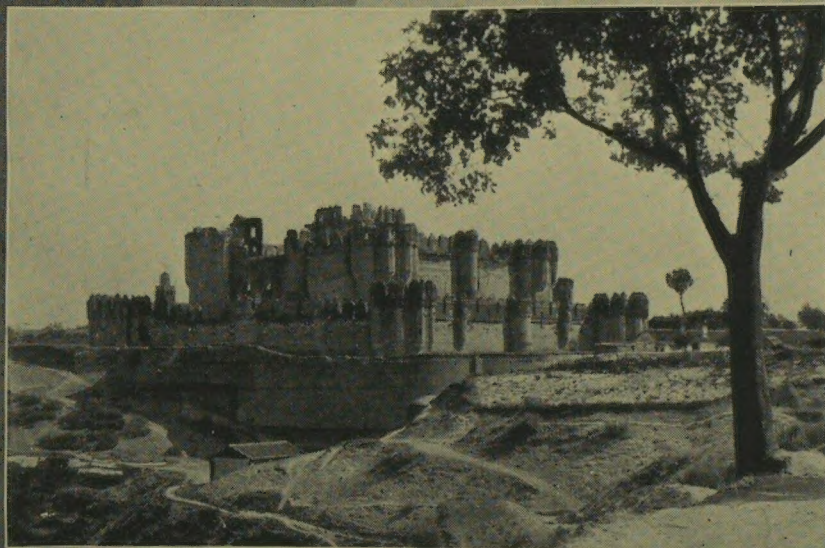


Castle of Butrón.



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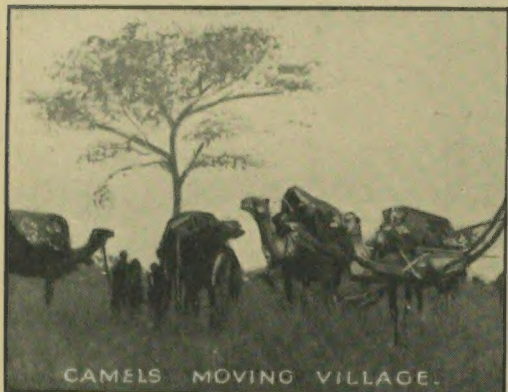
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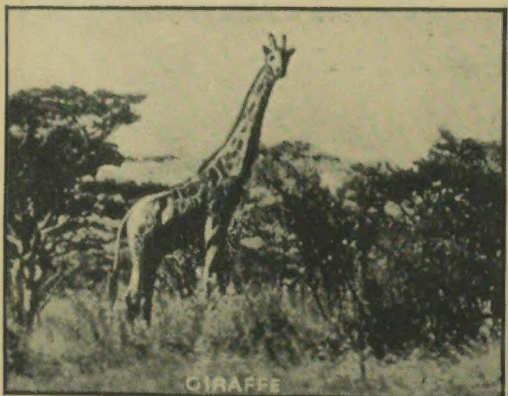
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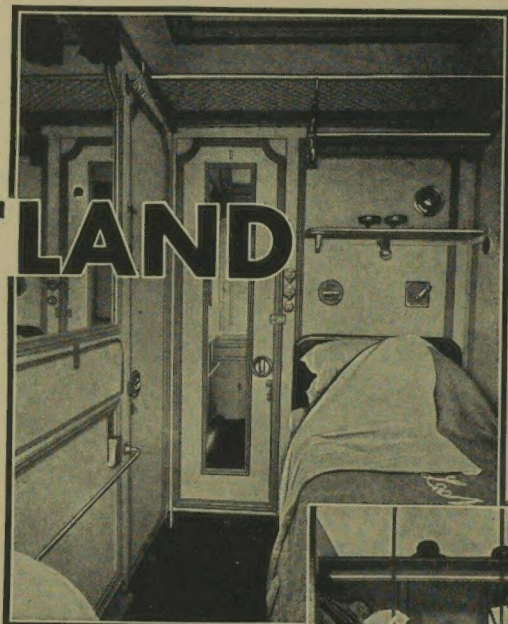
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THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

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SATURDAY, JULY 18, 1931.



**PETTY OFFICER WILLIS IMMEDIATELY AFTER HIS ESCAPE FROM THE SUNKEN SUBMARINE "POSEIDON":
WALKING TO THE SICK BAY UNAIDED, HAVING RESOLUTELY REFUSED ASSISTANCE.**

Petty Officer Patrick H. Willis, the hero of the amazing escapes made from the sunken "Poseidon" by means of the Submarine Escape Apparatus, refused to be helped as he walked to the sick bay. This was but in keeping with his character; as is evident from the report of the Commander-in-Chief, China, which was read in the House by the First Lord of the Admiralty and referred to the magnificent behaviour of the men who were cut off from their fellows in the fore part of the ship. This contained the following: "Willis first said prayers for himself and his companions and then ordered them to put on their escape apparatus. He then

explained he was going to flood the compartment in order to equalise the pressure with that outside the submarine, and how it was to be done. . . . While the compartment was slowly filling, Willis kept his companions in good heart," reassuring them and retaining the atmosphere of coolness. And so he continued, working and encouraging, until two men were able to reach the surface. The others had a very lengthy wait before they could make the second attempt. For his bravery, Petty Officer Willis has been promoted Chief Petty Officer. The escape is illustrated, stage by stage and from official information, on another page in this issue.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I WAS recently enjoying a book published some little time ago, under the name of "The Stuffed Owl"; an Anthology of Bad Verse. The specimens were selected, I think, by Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis and Mr. Lee; but I am not reviewing the work, which must have been reviewed everywhere long ago, and has, I trust, received the admiration it certainly deserves. For the moment it has merely sent my wits wandering in the wide and rich and many-coloured fields of inferior literature. Much have the editors of the anthology travelled in these realms of gold; and I do not dream of competing with their deep scholarship touching the monumental classics of bad writing, or their exquisite and delicate artistic instinct for the finest and freshest shades of imbecility. If I may reverently adapt Matthew Arnold's definition of culture, they do indeed know the worst that has been said and thought in the history of humanity. Of course, any critic can complain of any anthology that some of his own favourites have been left out. He may sometimes even claim that some that are not on the high level of the anthology have been put in. As the critic skims an ordinary anthology to find an item which he can condemn as a blemish, so here the critic may pounce upon something that is not sufficiently half-witted to satisfy his high standard, and sternly point to several passages that are not so bad as they should be. Glimmerings of almost human intelligence, gleams of more than merely bestial reason, spasms of something almost resembling speech, relieve the monotony of the Imperial poems of Alfred Austin or the pagan passions of the more fearless, not to say, shameless, imitators of Swinburne. Every now and then, after wading through a hubbub of hundreds of words, we find a word that seems to have gone right by accident. We must not complain; nothing in this mortal life is perfect; not even bad poetry.

Of course, there is one real difficulty in the classification of such classics. They necessarily divide themselves into at least two distinct types, which have really a rather different status and value. They raise two questions, which are hardly of equal intellectual importance. The first is "Why do people who are not poets try to write poetry?" The second is "Why do people who are poets fail to write poetry?" It is the second question which is the more difficult to answer and therefore the more worth answering. The first class consists of any number of accidents of ignorance and inexperience and vanity and egotistical self-deception; but beyond that there is nothing very extraordinary about it. A mysterious proverb declares that little birds who can sing and won't sing must be made to sing; though I never could imagine how. But evidently nobody ever had the courage to suggest what should be done with little birds who can't sing and do sing. There seems no suggestion possible, except that they should be shot; against which, in the name of St. Francis, the patron of all birds, poets, and other minor nuisances, I warmly protest. Of this sort of merely provincial limitation, the poetry of the Village Bard who looks dreadfully like the Village Idiot, the sort of thing that Oliver Wendell Holmes playfully satirised in the character of Gifted Hopkins, there is, of course, a great deal

in such an anthology as this. There is a lot of it in the book; but there is also such a lot of it in the world that the examples must almost necessarily be accidents. Each one of us has probably found his own favourite piece of folly, in an advertisement or an epitaph or a corner of a newspaper; and the thing has remained almost as private as a family joke. To keep a record of all these individual discoveries would need not an anthology but a library of lunacy; a Bodleian of Bad Verse.

I cannot resist the temptation of telling Mr. D. B. Wyndham Lewis, and all other true lovers of bad poetry, of one poet to whom I know they would not refuse the laurel. He was so famous a person as the Rev. Patrick Brontë, the father of the great Brontë sisters; and his verses are actually printed along with theirs at the end of one edition of their works. He has often been called harsh and inhuman; but he deserves a place in literature since he invented a metre that is an instrument of torture.

coming, you can hardly forbear to scream. We have read much of the gloomy life of the Brontë sisters in their dark and narrow house, on their sombre and savage moorlands. We have heard a great deal of how their souls were attuned to the storm, whether of wild winds or of stern words. But I can imagine no storm so paralysing as the noise of a reverend gentleman reading that poem; no torture so savage as the ruthless repetition of that metre; no inhuman cry so awful or so freezing to the blood, even out of the very heart of the hell of "Wuthering Heights." In spite of all the educationists, it is a kindness to children to teach them nursery rhymes. But a man ought to be imprisoned for Cruelty to Children, if he recites to them rhymes that do not rhyme.

But the problem is much more interesting if we leave the bad poetry written by bad poets, and come to the bad poetry written by good poets. It is an old story; it was Horace, I think, who said that Homer sometimes nods; and Horace, though a wide-awake sort of person, sometimes indulged in a wink. The Swan of Avon, the Nightingale of Burford, the Skylark for whom we can name no habitation but the sky, all these famous birds occasionally threatened to stiffen into the Stuffed Owl. Even Milton, who lived for the grand style, had lapses of good taste; at least I, for one, never liked Satan inventing gunpowder or spreading an extra special champagne supper, in the style of the Ritz-Carlton, to stay the hunger of the human Christ for bread. It is, therefore, no disrespect to great poets to make them figure in this book of bad poetry; for there is hardly a single good poet who has not at some time been a bad poet. I am not sure of the meaning of this, but I am fairly sure, for practical purposes, of the moral of it. First of all, it is wholesome to note that the poet generally came a cropper when he was moving most smoothly on the butter-slide of praise and progress and the prevailing fashion. It is when the classical poet is most classical that he strikes us as pompous and vapid. It is when the romantic poet is most romantic that he strikes us as sloppy and sentimental. And it will be when the modern poet is most modern, when he is most arrestingly in the modern style, that he will strike posterity as merely dowdy and dull. The only two really bad lines in Swinburne are the most Swinburnian; that couplet about lilies and langours and raptures and roses. By being in a sense perfect Swinburne, it shows up Swinburne as imperfect. And the other moral is that poets are men; and that men can no longer be worshipped as gods. Carlyle did his worst work when he resurrected the pagan term of Hero-Worship. The Pagans, indeed, put up a statue to Achilles; but they did not whitewash the statue. They had an objective way with them, which needed no moral self-deception. But Carlyle could not be a Pagan; he could only be a bad Christian; or, as some say, a Puritan. And he did whitewash Cromwell and Frederick, as nobody whitewashed Achilles. Shakespeare and Shelley were better than Cromwell and Frederick; but they also were men and not statues. Even their bad poetry may be productive of good philosophy.



THE TWENTIETH TREASURE ISOLATED AT THE VICTORIA AND ALBERT MUSEUM AS "THE MASTERPIECE OF THE WEEK": TURNER'S "VENICE FROM THE GIUDECCA."

When Turner painted his "Venice from the Giudecca," he was in his sixty-fifth year, at the height of his fame, and this picture must be considered as belonging to his late and mature period. Its authority, its fulness of statement, and its firm definition may not give the same satisfaction to some eyes and minds as his more imaginative native studies, whether in water-colour or oil; but it does represent his full power of design and perfected accomplishment of technique. The white domes of Santa Maria della Salute, on the left, and the more distant Campanile and Doge's Palace, glitter in fierce noonday sunlight under a sky of dazzling blue fading into a silver haze. There is hardly any sign of cracking or deterioration of the pigment. In 1893, the picture was fixed in an air-tight copper case from which it has not since been removed. Possibly that is why it is as brilliant as on the day on which it left Turner's studio to be exhibited in the Royal Academy of 1840. It forms part of the important collection of paintings given to the Museum in 1857 by Mr. John Sheepshanks.

By Courtesy of the Victoria and Albert Museum. Crown Copyright Reserved.

It consists of a rhyming verse finally ending on a word which ought to rhyme and does not. He is describing, if I remember right, the ideal virtues of the Village Maiden, and one verse runs—

To novels and plays not inclined
Nor aught that can sully her mind;
Temptations may shower,
Unmoved as a tower
She quenches the fiery arrows.

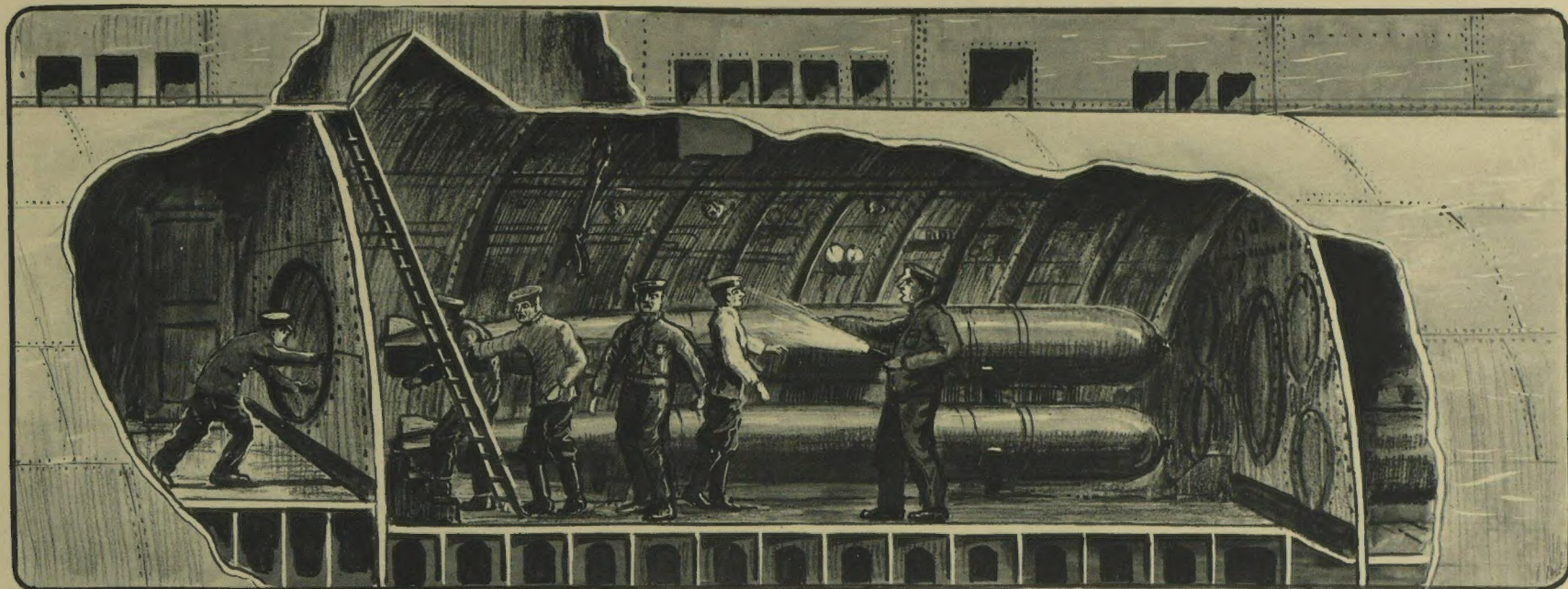
It is long since I have sat at the feet of this minstrel; and I quote from memory; but I think another verse of the same poem thus illustrated the same parapsodokian, or concluding jerk of disappointment—

Religion makes beauty enchanting;
And even where beauty is wanting,
The temper and mind
Religion-refined
Will shine through the veil with sweet lustre.

If you read much of it, you will reach a state of mind in which, even though you know the jolt is

THE AMAZING ESCAPES FROM THE "POSEIDON"—STAGE BY STAGE.

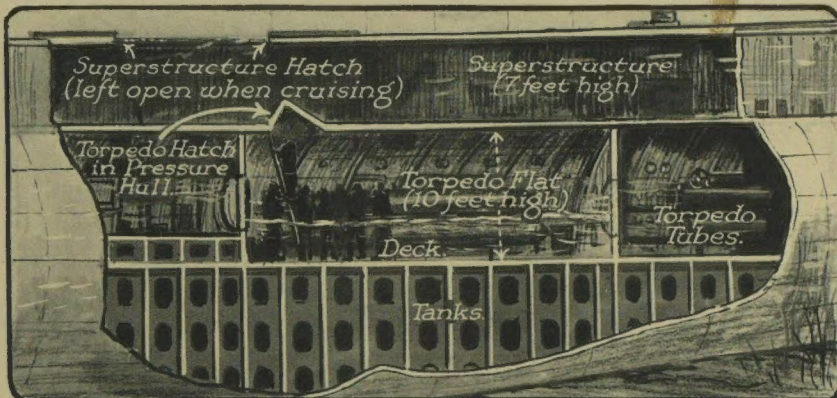
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, G. H. DAVIS, FROM OFFICIAL INFORMATION.



1. IN THE FORWARD TORPEDO-FLAT OF THE "POSEIDON" AS THAT CRAFT SANK; SHOWING PETTY OFFICER WILLIS, HIS TORCH LIT, THE LIGHTS IN THE SUBMARINE HAVING FAILED, ORDERING THE CLOSING OF THE WATER-TIGHT DOOR AND THUS SEALING UP HIS COMPANIONS AND HIMSELF.



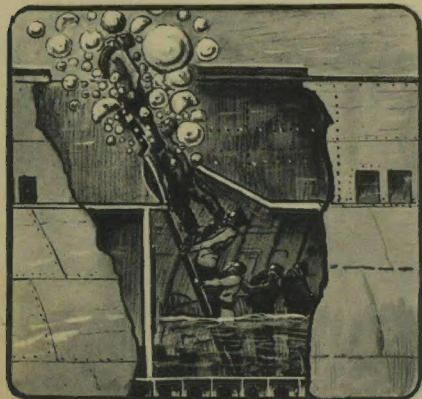
2. THE CLOSING OF THE WATER-TIGHT DOOR—A MATTER OF DIFFICULTY, AS THE BULKHEAD HAD BEEN STRAINED.



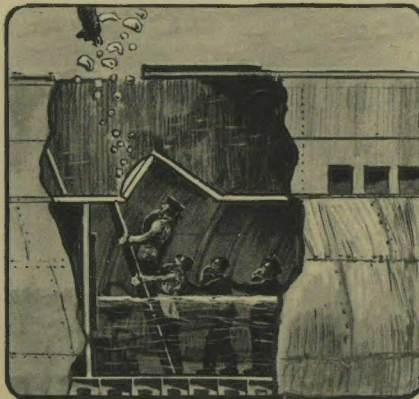
3. P.O. WILLIS AND HIS COMPANIONS (HAVING DONNED THEIR SUBMARINE ESCAPE APPARATUS) WAITING IN THE COMPARTMENT AS IT WAS BEING FLOODED TO EQUALISE THE PRESSURE WITHIN THE SUBMARINE AND THE PRESSURE WITHOUT.



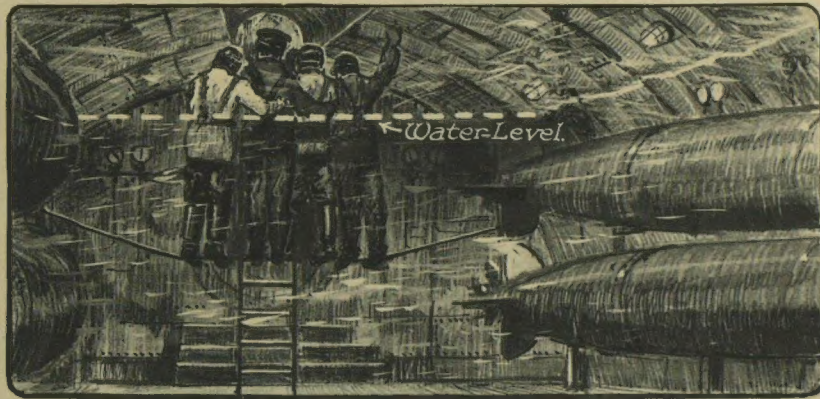
4. THE MEN FORCING OPEN THE TORPEDO-HATCH, BELIEVING THE INSIDE AND OUTSIDE PRESSURE TO BE EQUAL.



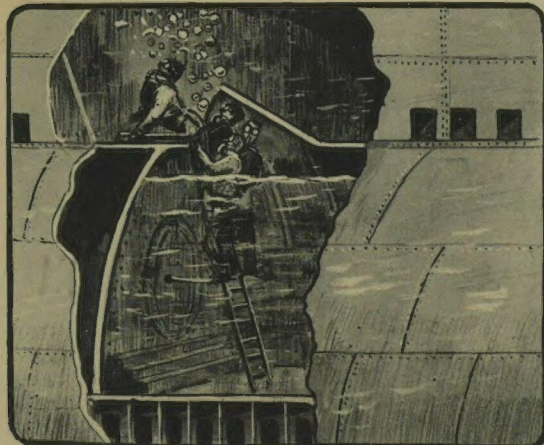
5. TWO MEN BEING BLOWN OUT THROUGH THE PARTIALLY-OPENED HATCH BY THE RUSH OF AIR.



6. THE HATCH DOOR SLAMMING TO AFTER THE ESCAPE OF THE TWO MEN, OWING TO THE OUTSIDE PRESSURE.



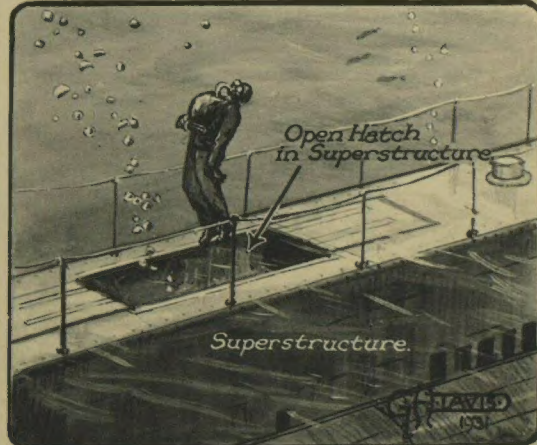
7. PETTY OFFICER WILLIS AND OTHERS REMAINING IN THE TORPEDO-FLAT IN THE SUBMARINE STANDING ON THE WIRE THEY RIGGED ACROSS THE COMPARTMENT, THAT THEY MIGHT BE ABLE TO KEEP THEIR HEADS ABOVE WATER-LEVEL.



8. FORTY-FIVE MINUTES LATER, PRESSURE WITHIN AND WITHOUT BEING EQUAL, THE HATCH BEING OPENED AND MEN GETTING OUT.



9. ONE OF THE ESCAPING MEN OUTSIDE THE TWO-FOOT-DIAMETER HATCH AND ADJUSTING HIS ESCAPE APPARATUS SO THAT HE MIGHT FLOAT TO THE SURFACE.



10. P.O. WILLIS, HAVING EMERGED FROM THE TORPEDO-HATCH IN THE PRESSURE HULL, RISING THROUGH THE OPEN SUPERSTRUCTURE-HATCH.

We illustrate here, stage by stage, the amazing escapes made from the sunken British submarine "Poseidon" by Petty Officer (now Chief Petty Officer) Patrick H. Willis and others. The escapes in question were made with the aid of the official Davis Submarine Escape Apparatus, which the Navy commonly calls "The Lung." When the collision occurred, the order "Close water-tight doors" was given. Petty Officer Willis took charge in the forepart, and ordered the closing of the door of the compartment with himself and others inside. He then explained that he was going to flood the compartment, in order to equalise the pressure with that outside the submarine. This was done. The imprisoned men then waited

while the water rose, and at length, judging that the outside pressure and the inside pressure were equal, they endeavoured to open the hatch. They succeeded in doing this to some extent. It so happened, however, that the inside and the outside pressure were not equal. The result was that the outrush of imprisoned air blew the first two men through the hatch, and then the hatch slammed to. The men still left within the compartment had to wait until the water rose again sufficiently to equalise the inside and outside pressure. As only one could stand upon the ladder, a hawser was rigged across the compartment to give foothold for the others.—[Copyright Strictly Reserved.]

IN THE DISTURBED SHAN STATES AND UPPER BURMA:



AT THE FUNERAL OF A SAWBWA, OR CHIEF, OF A SHAN STATE: POLICE OF HSIPAW MOUNTED ON WHITE PONIES AND WEARING WHITE ARMLETS—WHITE BEING THE COLOUR OF MOURNING.



WOMEN OF THE KACHIN TRIBE, A PEOPLE OF THE NORTH-EAST FRONTIER OF BURMA: WORKERS IN THEIR EVERYDAY DRESS.



"FONGVIS" OF THE FUTURE: BOYS OF THE NORTHERN SHAN STATES PREPARING FOR THE ACT OF RENUNCIATION WHICH WILL MAKE THEM MONKS—PASSING AS THEY CARRY OFFERINGS OF FLOWERS TO THE PAGODA.

PICTURESQUE SHANS AND KACHINS— CUSTOMS AND DRESS.



KACHINS: WOMEN OF A HILL TRIBE WHOSE MEN SERVE IN THE ARMY—WITH SUCCESS AND LOOK NOT UNLIKE THE GURKHAS.



AT THE FUNERAL OF A "SAWBWA": THE CANOPY UNDER WHICH THE COFFIN WAS Borne TO THE CEMETERY; AND (FOREGROUND) STATE MINISTERS IN WHITE ROBES AND HIGH "HELMETS."



A KACHIN MARRIED WOMAN. Her jacket is heavily trimmed with silver, and she wears a multi-coloured hand-woven skirt, the secrets of whose manufacture are handed down verbally from mother to daughter. With this woman, bamboo rings and wooden leglets take the place of stockings.



SHAN ANIMAL-DANCERS ON THE OCCASION OF A BRITISH AND CHINESE CEREMONIAL VISIT: VILLAGERS MASQUERADING AS STRANGE BEASTS IN HOME-MADE DRESSES OF PAPER AND BAMBOO.



A SHAN ANIMAL-DANCE: AN OCCASION FOR REJOICING—AND THEREFORE FOR DANCING—TAKEN THE FULLEST ADVANTAGE OF BY THE VILLAGERS—IN THE BACKGROUND, THE VILLAGE MONASTERY.



A KACHIN SEPOY ON LEAVE. This soldier of the Burma Rifles has vanilla orchids in his ear, flowers of which the Kachins are extremely fond. He carries the typical bag of the male Kachin. The love-knots at the back indicate the number of the conquests of the heart he has made.

The rebellion in Burma, which began last December, has recently spread to the Northern Shan States, and, for once, focussed public attention on the tribes that live there. This is a fairly rare event, since the Shans, though covering a large area of territory, seldom obtrude on to the outer world's affairs, being, on the whole, well-disposed, peaceable folk, of pleasant disposition and gay, happy temperament, who are comparatively isolated from the peoples of Lower Burma. For the most part, the simple wants of the Shans are supplied locally or by imports from over the Chinese frontier, up to which their territory extends. As to the disturbances which are now in being, the "Times" noted the other day: "The Shan States lie in the east of Burma, bordering on the frontiers of China, French Indo-China, and Siam. They are a group of Federated and Unfederated Principalities, formerly under the suzerainty of the Burmese kings, and since 1886 enjoying the anomalous position of being part of British India, but each State with a local autonomous administration controlled in principle but not in detail by a handful of British officials. Their status is much that of small 'Protectorates,' in which little direct intervention is exercised." There is, throughout the Shan States, great variety of race, customs, and physical appearance among the inhabitants. Towards the eastern frontier the influence of the Chinese is very marked, while in the west the Burmese type predominates. The Chinese, as in most Oriental countries, have control of much of the commercial side of life; from Bhamo, north of Hsipaw, for instance, a continual stream of caravans, consisting of heavily-laden ponies and mules led by

Chinese, passes across the frontier into China and back, and constitutes one of the ancient trade routes of the East. The Shans themselves are of Tibeto-Burman origin, racially akin to the present inhabitants of Siam. Members of other tribes which live inside, or adjacent to, the Shan territories may be found within their borders—notably the Kachins, a hardy hill tribe who were the last invaders of Burma before the British conquest, and have proved faithful recruits in the civil and military police and in the Burma Rifles. The cause of the present unrest in the Shan States is, it has been argued, economic rather than political, the world depression, marked here by a fall in the price of rice, being deemed responsible for their troubles. At present the centres of disturbance (apart, of course, from Lower Burma) are villages in the extreme north of Law Sawk State, and in the south of Hsipaw State, in a district about eighty miles north-east of Mandalay. Communications are difficult, as the few roads are only passable for motor traffic in the dry season, and only two railways penetrate the whole country. One of these connects Mandalay with Lashio, the administrative centre of the Northern Shan States, and passes, half-way to Lashio, over the Gokteik Gorge, famous for its beauty and spanned by a wonderful viaduct. It is close to here that the disaffected villages lie, and, since the viaduct is a vital means of communication, the authorities have already taken steps to guard it from the rebels.

The World of the Kinema.

By MICHAEL ORME.

SENTIMENT AND SOPHISTICATION.

SENTIMENT—by which I mean the kind of sentiment that makes a direct bid for our tears—is one of the most difficult things to handle on the screen, and its pitfalls have been multiplied since the advent of speech. The deliberately-achieved pathos of fictional situations can easily be driven over the border-line to bathos by the additional embarrassment of the spoken word. It has taken the film-makers a long time to discover that in this "embarrassment" of the audience lies the danger-point. We may, possibly, find an explanation for this fact in the American mentality, for the Americans, who are the supreme purveyors of "sob-stuff," are not easily afflicted by the *malaise* that attacks a more reticent nation in the presence of unabashed emotion. Their film-expression runs to extremes; driven, I would say, not only by the whip of competition, the attempt to "go one better" than a rival producer, or to pile a bigger Pelion on a colossal Ossa, but also by an inherent ingenuousness that seems unaware of over-emphasis. The very qualities of a younger people, its frankness, its lack of self-consciousness, its audacities of imagination, have their perils. Unless the box-office returns of the world markets cried a halt, the American film-makers—and, but to a far more prudent degree, their imitators in other countries—would continue to lay bare the very bones of human emotions with surprising equanimity.

Such a halt was called to sentiment—or, rather, to sentimentality—after a surfeit of the Al Jolson fare. The over-sentimentalised silent pictures possessed, generally speaking, a pictorial beauty to soften the edges of their crudities. Moreover, even a vigorous tugging at our heart-strings achieved a certain momentary poignancy in silence. "Seventh Heaven," which brought Charles Farrell and Janet Gaynor to the fore practically overnight, might have been unbearable translated into sound, yet in its silent form it preserved an atmosphere of tenderness, veiling successfully its sentimentalities. Charles Chaplin, wisely adhering to silence, has always and is still

handkerchief brigade exists in every country. Tears fell in plenty as the black-faced comedian warbled his Mammie songs or broke his heart in public over Sonny Boy. But he o'ershot his mark and his reign



THE RETURNING VOGUE FOR SENTIMENT IN FIRST-CLASS FILMS: LITTLE JACKIE COOPER AND RICHARD DIX IN "DONOVAN'S KID," WHICH SETS FORTH THE TOUCHING MORAL "RESCUE" OF A GANGSTER BY THE SMALL WAIF FROM THE UNDERWORLD WHOM HE PROTECTS.

Photograph supplied by Radio Pictures.

was brief. There could be no more eloquent epitaph on the tombstone of his emotional ebullience than his reported quest of a new form of expression in the spiritual simplicity of Marc Connelly's "Green Pastures"! Al Jolson's calculated and mechanical assault on our feelings may be taken as a conspicuous example of manufactured pathos—which is

It would take more space than I have at my command to trace the path of the talking-film through the fields of musical comedy and "revue" to the transplanted stage play, following in the main the easiest way, with a few digressions of varying success, but clinging always to the apparent importance of exploiting the new medium of audible dialogue. Even with the arrival of plays written for the screen, it soon transpired, for reasons which I tried to analyse in my last article—that it is easier to engage the ear with the cynicism of sophisticated drama than with the drama of inwardness or mental evolution. Thus gradually the seamy side of life, sumptuously arrayed to please the eye, equipped with a latter-day frankness of speech and a callous disregard of the older conventions, shouldered the frankly sentimental disdainfully off the screen. With the strong support of "wise-cracking" farcical comedy, and the pulverising violence of modern melodrama, the modest violet of sentiment looked to be crushed under the heel of sophistication. Patches of pathos, when they did crop up, seemed disconcertingly out of a place in a raffish atmosphere, or dropped indiscriminately into the almost brutal realism of underworld conflict. We have been pulled up more than once during the headlong rush of crook-drama to watch, with the uneasiness of an eavesdropper, the lingering death of a gangster. Or we have unwillingly assisted at those terrible "last moments" in a condemned cell which violate the privacy of a doomed man. We have even marched in "The Last Parade" alongside the heroic criminal to the electric chair, turning the stern necessity of the law into a gaper's holiday. Here is "sentimental appeal" gone astray, the jarring shock of a familiar note struck in the wrong place. But that is not to say that logical and unforced pathos or the picture definitely based on sentimental appeal is not legitimate material for the screen. Such a picture is the new Radio production, "Donovan's Kid."

Film-makers have an incurable habit of flogging a horse, good, bad, or indifferent, until it falls. They have, in the opinion of many, ridden sophistication to death. Certainly there have been several indications of late that the transient tide of screen entertainment, almost though not quite predictable, is setting back to sentiment. Janet Gaynor, for instance, hitherto not entirely happy in her talking-pictures, or at least not as completely in her element as in "Seventh Heaven," comes into her own again in "Daddy Long Legs," in which, with the partnership



THE RETURN OF A VOGUE FOR SENTIMENT IN FIRST-CLASS FILMS: JANET GAYNOR AND WARNER BAXTER IN THE TALKING-FILM OF "DADDY LONG LEGS," A ROMANTIC COMEDY OF MUCH CHARM AND SIMPLICITY.

Photographs of "Daddy Long Legs" supplied by Fox Films.

able to "put over" moments of undiluted pathos in pantomime which would probably break under the last strain of sound. But Chaplin's genius would never countenance a vocal disturbance of the deeps. Not so Al Jolson. I do not seek to belittle Mr. Jolson's gifts as a singer of sentimental ballads, nor to underrate his vitality as a comedian of a certain type. His pictures enjoyed a period of success which would render any such criticism futile. But it must be remembered that they came at a time when the talking-film was in itself a sensation and also that a

bathos, or, as the dictionary puts it: "a ludicrous descent from the exalted to the mean"—irrespective of logic, sentimentality without a mask of any sort. As such, it could not live long. Sanity ultimately rejects the laceration of the heart, when it detects, or too easily detects, the means by which its wounds have been received.



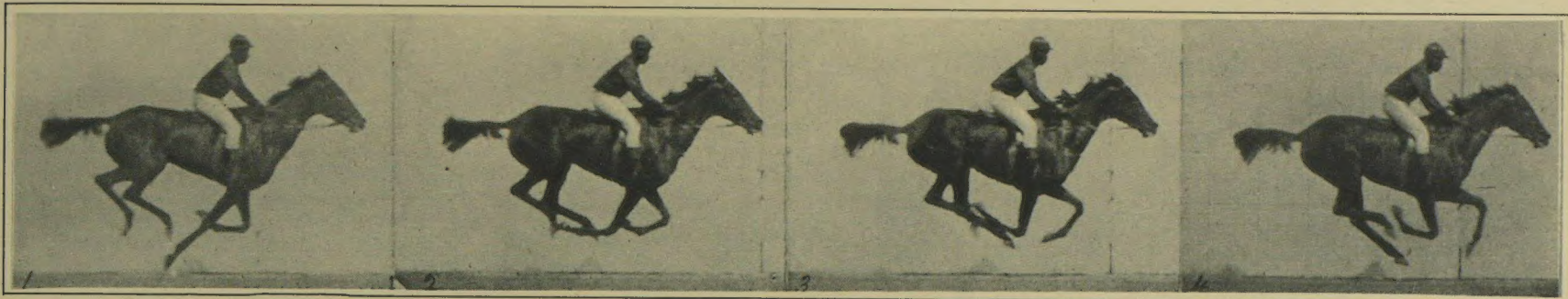
"DADDY LONG LEGS": JANET GAYNOR, THE HEROINE OF "SEVENTH HEAVEN" (RIGHT), IN A SCENE IN WHICH SHE AND WARNER BAXTER (CENTRE) DISPLAY GREAT POWERS OF RESTRAINED ACTING.

of Warner Baxter, she moves securely once again through a world of sentiment, tears, and tenderness. Nor has the addition of dialogue to the play, already seen in silent form, unravelled its pleasant texture.

[Continued on page 126.]

THE MUYBRIDGE TABLET: PIONEER MOTION-PICTURES OF THE "70's."

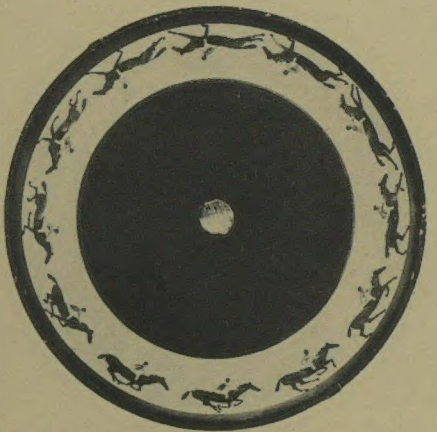
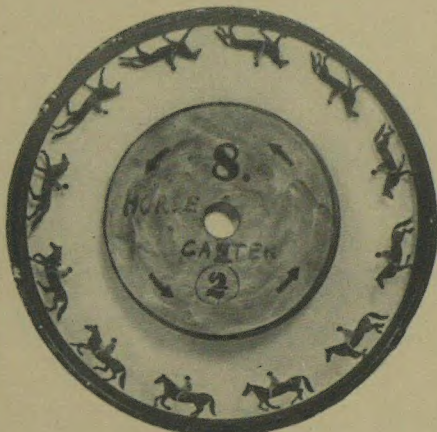
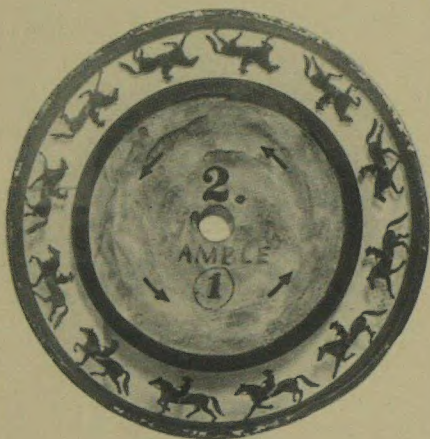
ILLUSTRATIONS NOS. 1 AND 2 FROM MUYBRIDGE'S "ANIMALS IN MOTION," PUBLISHED BY CHAPMAN AND HALL. NO. 5 BY COURTESY OF MR. WILL DAY.



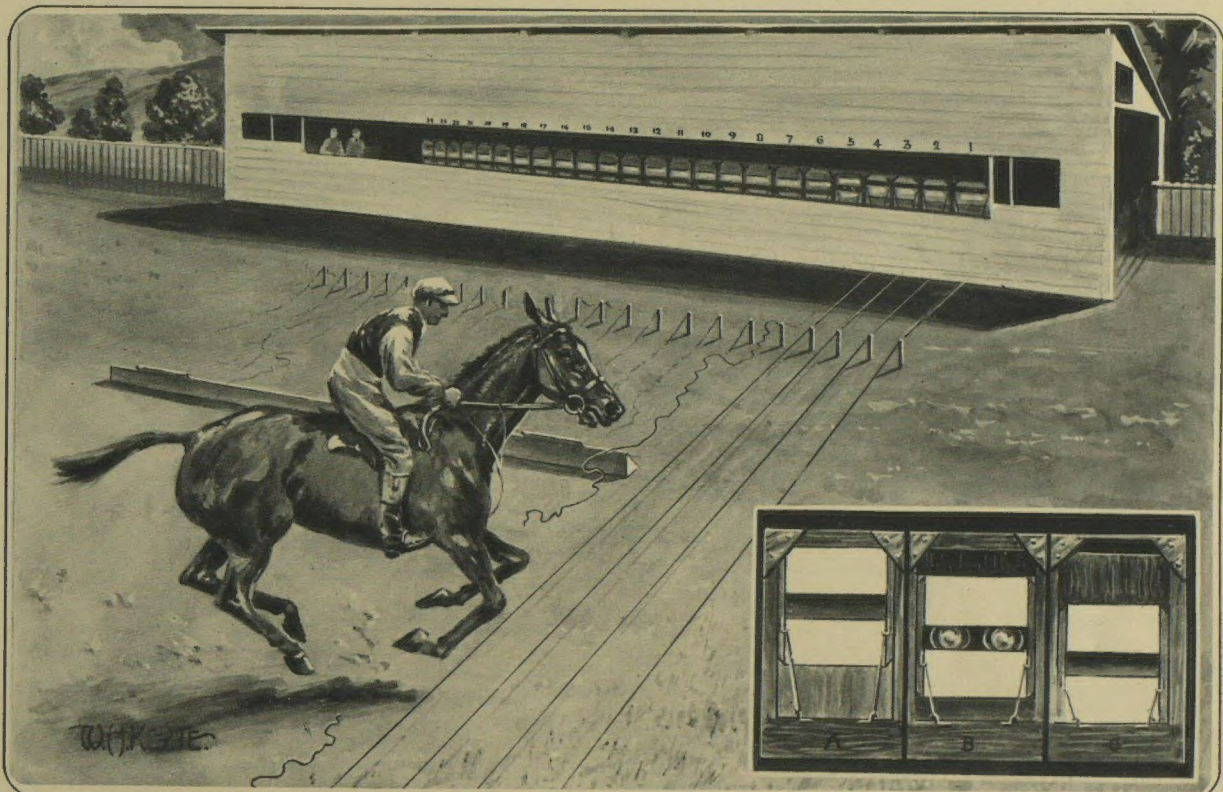
1. A SERIES OF MUYBRIDGE'S INSTANTANEOUS PHOTOGRAPHS PROVING THAT ALL FOUR FEET OF A GALLOPING HORSE MAY BE OFF THE GROUND AT THE SAME TIME.



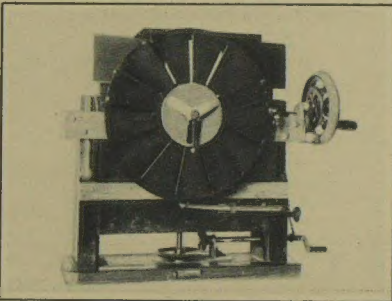
2. ANOTHER SERIES OF MUYBRIDGE'S PHOTOGRAPHS TO SHOW ALL FOUR FEET OF A HORSE OFF THE GROUND SIMULTANEOUSLY.



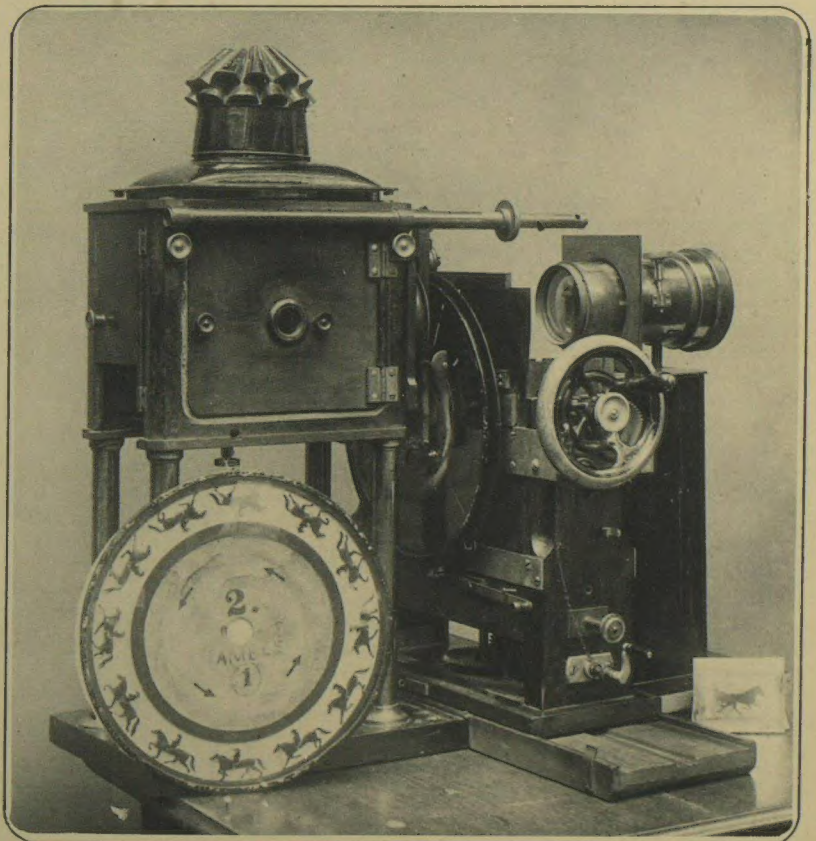
4. A SERIES OF MOTION PICTURES OF A HORSE PRINTED ON GLASS DISCS—AND ELONGATED FOR SHOWING BY THE "ZOOPRAXISCOPE."



3. MUYBRIDGE'S BATTERY OF 24 CAMERAS, WITH SHUTTERS WHICH WERE RELEASED IN TURN, ELECTRO-MAGNETICALLY, AS THE HORSE CAME INTO CONTACT WITH EACH OF 24 THREADS STRETCHED ACROSS THE TRACK AT PALO ALTO. (INSET: THE SHUTTER AS FITTED TO EACH CAMERA—(A) SET FOR EXPOSURE; (B) EXPOSURE; (C) CLOSED AFTER EXPOSURE.



5. THE REVOLVING SHUTTER OF THE "ZOOPRAXISCOPE" TO PROJECT THE HORSES SEEN ON THE DISCS IN FIG. 4.



6. THE ORIGINAL "ZOOPRAXISCOPE"—THE MOTION-PICTURE PROJECTOR USED BY MUYBRIDGE, AND NOW PRESERVED IN THE PUBLIC LIBRARY AT KINGSTON-UPON-THAMES.

EDWARD JAMES MUYBRIDGE'S pioneer work in motion-photography is being commemorated by an inscribed tablet bearing his portrait, which it was arranged to place in the Public Library at Kingston-upon-Thames on Friday, July 17. While directing photographic surveys on the Pacific Coast for the U.S.A. Government in 1872, Muybridge had his attention drawn to a controversy as to whether or no a horse while trotting had all four feet simultaneously free from contact with the ground. At that date the use of rapid photographic dry-plates was unknown; yet Muybridge, with the aid of wet-collodion plates and with a camera having special exposing apparatus, succeeded in taking—at Palo Alto, San Francisco—instantaneous photographs of Occident, a celebrated horse, clearly showing all four feet lifted at the same moment above the ground. During the next few years, Muybridge, with the co-operation of Mr. Leland Stanford, the owner of a number of thoroughbreds and trotting horses, devoted much time to investigating animal locomotion, employing photography allied with the scientific organisation of apparatus and method. The system included a battery of twenty-four cameras placed in a line in order to obtain a succession of exposures at regulated intervals of time or distance. The twenty-four camera-shutters were operated in turn by electro-magnetic action as the horse during its progress came into contact with each of twenty-four threads stretched across the track. Muybridge (in 1881) invented his "zoopraxiscope," to display upon a screen the motion of horses, birds, athletes, and the like, and so may be said to have been a father of modern cinematography. Muybridge, who was born at Kingston in 1830 and died in 1904, bequeathed to Kingston his "zoopraxiscope" and other material.

ENCHANTMENTS OF THE MIDDLE AGE.

BEING AN APPRECIATION OF

"THE AUSTRIAN TYROL": By IAN F. D. MORROW; and "THE OTHER CHÂTEAU COUNTRY": By KATHERINE WOODS.*

(PUBLISHED BY FABER AND FABER.)

(PUBLISHED BY THE BODLEY HEAD.)

MANY people would be prepared to deny that the art of the novel has advanced during recent years, but I think everyone would admit that the art of the guide-book has. Development in photography is partly responsible for its increased



CASTELNAU-BRETENOUX BEFORE THE RESTORATION THAT HAS MADE IT A "LITTLE CARCASSONNE": A MAGNIFICENT FEUDAL CASTLE, IN THE VALLEY OF THE DORDOGNE, WHICH WAS IMMORTALISED BY PIERRE LOTI.

Pierre Loti, the great French novelist, described Castelnaud-Bretenoux in his "Le Roman d'un Enfant." Its *donjon* is of the same style and of the same general date as the famous one of Loches, in Touraine.—[Photograph by M. Beynié, Brive.]

excellence. Mr. Ian Morrow's book, "The Austrian Tyrol," would be fascinating, it is true, even without its sixteen perfect illustrations of mountain, valley, lake, castle, and monument. But they add enormously to its attractiveness. Not only are they beautiful in themselves (the picture of the Achensee is perhaps the loveliest of all), but they are an invaluable aid to the imagination. Indeed, so vividly do they conjure up the Tyrolean scene that one wonders whether Mr. Morrow is doing the country he loves a service by reproducing them. For, though they stimulate one's longing to behold with corporeal eye those lovely landscapes, they also satisfy it. The photographer can choose his day and select from intimate knowledge the right spot for his *coup d'œil*; the reader has not these advantages. He might find Hoch Eppan, so proudly commanding its valley, wrapped in sullen mist; it might not happen to be a "spring day" when he approached Ellmau, or winter time when he saw Roskogel. If the parish church in Innsbrück happened to be closed, he would miss the marvellous baroque pulpit—which also clearly needs a great deal of sun to be seen as the camera saw it. If the parish church was closed, the Franciscan church might be closed too—a tourist's misfortunes seldom come singly. In that case he would fail to see the tomb of Maximilian and the statues of the twenty-four kings—four of whom, headed by King Arthur, are magnificently visible in the photograph that faces page ninety-seven.

Seated in an arm-chair, moreover, remote from the discomforts of travel, the reader can digest at his ease the information Mr. Morrow provides with so much liberality and discrimination. He will learn, for instance, that Hoch Eppan was the seat of a family whose history (with that of the Andechs and the Tyrols) "for two centuries" (the two centuries after the fall of the Carolingian Empire) "was to be that of the land itself." "A state of feudal anarchy" existed "similar to that in England under Stephen and Henry III., in which power went to him who could best wield a sword and battle-axe.

Proficiency in the use of these lethal weapons had by the eleventh century brought Tyrol into the possession of the three great families of Andechs, Eppan, and Tyrol. . . . The Andechs came from Bavaria, where their ancestral castle stood by the waters of the Ammersee; the Counts of Eppan took their name from the castle of Hoch Eppan, between Bozen and Meran in the Etschtal; and of the family who subsequently became the sole rulers over the Land in the Mountains, nothing is known except that in the twelfth century they were already in possession of the castle behind Meran from which both they and the country derived their names."

I am sure the reader would assimilate these interesting and important facts much more readily in the privacy of his own room than if he tried to master them, panting and perspiring and on the verge of collapse, on the hillside above Hoch Eppan—a stiff climb, as the illustration shows.

The mind's eye tires less easily than the physical eye; can be better relied on to perform its office; so, after a glance at the photograph and a momentary perusal of Mr. Morrow's text, it can visualise Ellmau almost as clearly as if it had been there:

"An hour and a-half after leaving Kufstein the Steinerne Stiege are reached, by which it is possible to descend in perfect safety the rocky wall nine hundred feet high to the Hintersteinersee, in whose pellucid glacier-green waters are reflected the towering peaks of the Wilder Kaiser, Scheffaur Kaiser, Sonneck, Zetten Kaiser, and Treffaur Kaiser that hold the exquisite little lake in a rocky cradle. Away to the north of the Kaisergebirge lies the Walchsee, in the midst of a soft woodland countryside contrasting sharply with the rugged and majestic surroundings of the Hintersteinersee. Legend has played with the Walchsee, on whose surface a

brightly burning light like a will o' the wisp is said to appear at certain times; that is the soul of a peasant girl who drowned her new-born child in its quiet waters."

To convey in words the effect of natural beauty is a harder task than to make language do justice to the works of man. Tyrol is famed for the former, but it has its share, too, of the latter. Mr. Morrow supplements the photographic reproduction of King Arthur's statue with a pen picture: "On a short pedestal of marble stands the bronze figure of a spare, lithe, muscular Englishman as he is to be met with all over the world to-day; a head set well back upon square shoulders; a determined chin; firm yet kindly lips; a finely-shaped nose with the arched nostrils that denote breeding and spirit; level eyes from whose depths humour sparkles and reveals a sane outlook upon life—eyes that look both at and through one; the carriage and bearing



A VIEW OF ROCAMADOUR CASTLE—"THE CASTLE OF THE LOVER OF SOLITUDE": THE FAMOUS STRONGHOLD WHICH, ACCORDING TO LEGEND, WAS FOUNDED BY ZACCHEUS (GLIMBER OF THE SYCAMORE TREE IN ST. LUKE'S GOSPEL).

Rocamadour has a romantic and fascinating story, beginning with the curious legend that it was founded by Zaccheus, whose oratory, it is claimed, was the first shrine of the Virgin in France. Rocamadour was a famous mediæval centre of pilgrimage and renowned through its connection with the exploits of the troubadours.

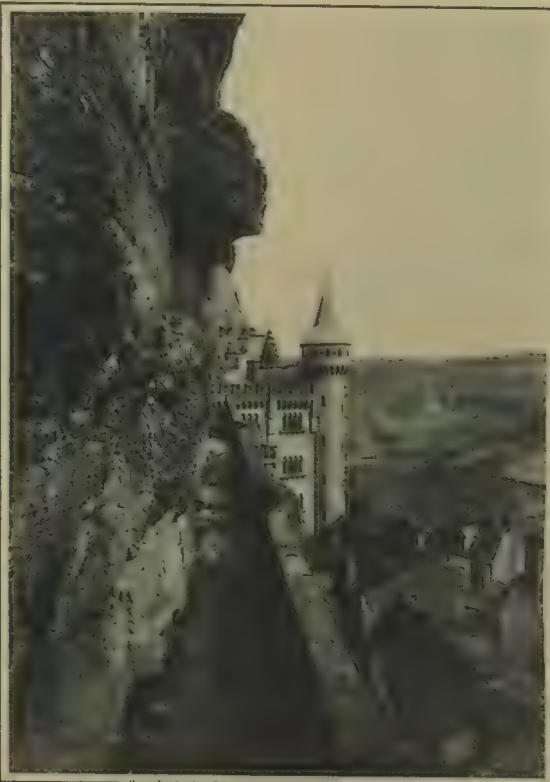
Photograph by Cl. Boulanger. Reproductions from "The Other Château Country: The Feudal Land of the Dordogne," by Courtesy of the Publishers, Messrs. John Lane, The Bodley Head.

of a man having authority among his fellow-men. The easy, unselfconscious distinction with which Arthur wears his suit of mail, and the magnificent fit and 'cut' of a suit that must have come out of a mediæval Savile Row armourer's shop, is essentially English. Common consent has caused the statue of Arthur to be regarded not only as the supreme achievement of Master Peter Vischer's art, but also as one of the finest bronze statues of any age."

Vischer, who cast the statue in 1513, was a Nuremberger: Tyrol cannot claim him as one of her famous sons. But, all the same, the Tyrolese have made distinguished contributions to art and letters—among them the lyrics of Walther von der Vogelweide, "Walter of the Bird Meadow." "As many German lands," we are told, "have fought for the privilege to call themselves the birthplace of this poet as Greek cities contended for the same honour in regard to Homer"; but all the probabilities point to the fact that the author of "Under the Linden," one of the loveliest lyrics in the German language, was born, about the year 1170, in South Tyrol. "A tradition tells us that on his deathbed Walther bequeathed his property to the Cathedral Chapter on condition that for all time they daily fed the birds who sang in the close" of Würzburg Cathedral.

No aspect of Tyrol is too small or too great to be included in Mr. Morrow's survey. He gives us typical Tyrolese menus, advises us as to wines, warns us against drinking stone-cold beer when heated by walking. He does not forget to mention such tit-bits of historical information as the fact that the Emperor Maximilian, that great organiser, in the beginning of the sixteenth century, introduced "into his wide dominions the first postal system in operation in Europe." For over five hundred years Tyrol was ruled by the House of Habsburg. They acquired it, as they acquired so many of their possessions, by inheritance: "the grim Scythesman, in bearing away the Ugly Duchess, took with him the last representative

[Continued on page 132.]



ONE OF THE MOST ROMANTIC SPOTS IN SOUTHERN FRANCE: THE LEDGE AT ROCAMADOUR CASTLE, IN THE DORDOGNE COUNTRY.

* "The Austrian Tyrol. The Land in the Mountains." By Ian F. D. Morrow. (Faber and Faber; 15s.);

"The Other Château Country: The Feudal Land of the Dordogne." By Katherine Woods. (The Bodley Head; 18s.)

THE EARTH'S CURVATURE SHOWN BY AERIAL PHOTOGRAPHY.

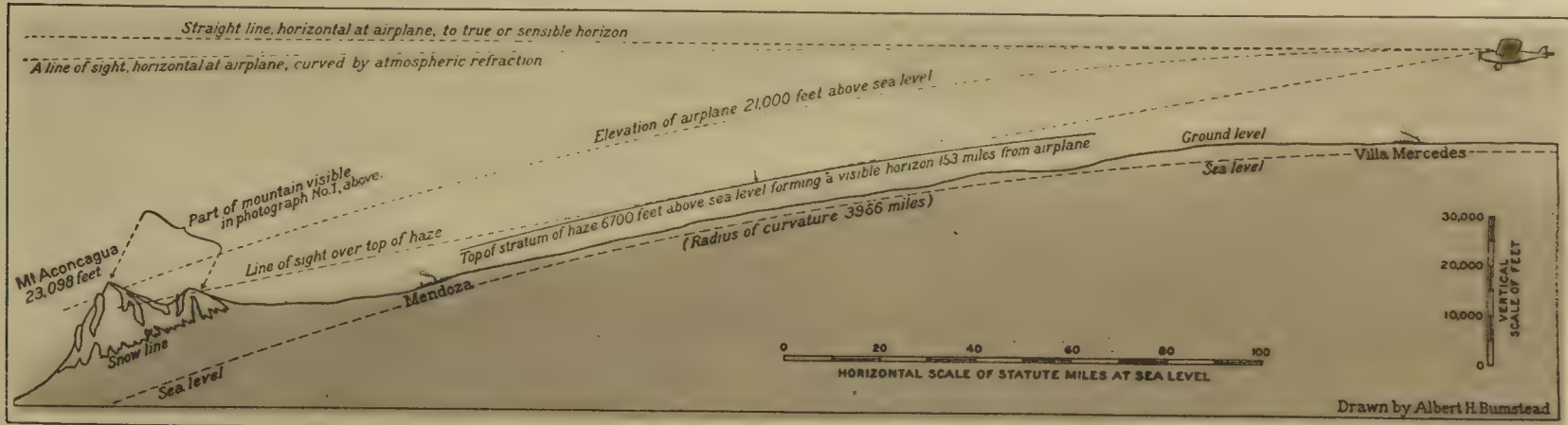
PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAPT. ALBERT W. STEVENS. DIAGRAM BY ALBERT H. BUMSTEAD. COPYRIGHT N.G.S. REPRODUCED BY SPECIAL PERMISSION FROM THE "NATIONAL GEOGRAPHIC MAGAZINE."

This unusually interesting photograph of the Andes, including Mt. Aconcagua (identified by a white line below the base) at a distance of 287 miles, was made from an airplane, at an elevation of 21,000 feet, by Captain Stevens in the course of his camera survey of the Andean Chain for the National Geographic Society. The mountain range, which shows clearly in the photo-

graph, could not be seen by the photographer at the time he made this picture. Captain Stevens used a lens of 20-inch focus and an infra-red screen which admits to the sensitive photographic plate light that is invisible to the eye. The length of the exposure was 1/20th of a second. Almost exactly in the centre of the range, Mount Tupungato is distinguished.



1. THE FIRST PHOTOGRAPH EVER MADE SHOWING LATERALLY THE CURVATURE OF THE EARTH: A UNIQUE AND WONDERFUL AIR VIEW OF THE ANDES, INCLUDING MT. ACONCAGUA (ON RIGHT; MARKED BY A SHORT WHITE LINE BELOW, AT SEA LEVEL) AND MT. TUPUNGATO (IN CENTRE) AT A DISTANCE OF 287 MILES.



2. A DIAGRAM ILLUSTRATING THE CURVATURE OF THE EARTH, AS SHOWN IN THE UPPER PHOTOGRAPH (NO. 1): (ON RIGHT) THE AEROPLANE FROM WHICH THE PHOTOGRAPH WAS TAKEN; (ON LEFT) MT. ACONCAGUA, 287 MILES AWAY AND 54,900 FT. BELOW THE "SENSIBLE" HORIZON (SHOWN AT TOP).



3. THE ANDES, WITH MT. ACONCAGUA (EXTREME RIGHT) 142 MILES DISTANT FROM THE CAMERA: ANOTHER AIR PHOTOGRAPH SHOWING PART OF THE RANGE SEEN IN PHOTOGRAPH NO. 1.

Captain Albert W. Stevens, of the U.S. Army Air Corps, describes his remarkable photographs in the "National Geographic Magazine," of Washington, in an article on an air survey of the Andes. "The snow-clad mountains" (seen in No. 1), he writes, "form a background that brings into view the surface of a stratum of haze which obscures the lower portions of the snow (see No. 3). The top of the stratum of haze, at an elevation of 6700 feet above sea level, conforms closely to the sea-level surface of the earth and does not share the irregularities of the ground, 4000 feet below. The haze forms a visible horizon 153 miles from the camera, and 70 miles of this visible horizon appear laterally in photograph No. 1. Although this horizon is only 1/360th of the circumference of the earth, its curvature can be plainly seen. The sensible horizon, as distinguished from the visible horizon, is the line where a plain surface, level at the point of observation, meets the sky. The white line ruled across the sky in the photograph (No. 1) indicates the position of the sensible horizon. Although the highest of the mountain peaks in the photograph are at a greater elevation than the camera, they appear below the sensible horizon, due wholly to the curve of the earth's surface. Due to refraction, the path

of a ray of light through the air is not straight, but curved downward by a maximum of about 1/7th the amount of the earth's curvature, depending chiefly on the density of the air. The effect of this refraction is to make the earth seem a little less curved than it is, and to make distant objects appear a little higher. This fact has to be taken into account in trigonometric levelling for determining elevations. At the distance of Mount Aconcagua, 287 miles, the earth curves 54,900 feet from a straight horizontal line, but only 47,100 feet from a curved line of sight that is horizontal to the observer. The short white line under Mount Aconcagua shows the position of sea level, above which the mountain rises to a height variously computed at from 22,800 to 23,100 feet, with 23,098 as the figure most frequently adopted." In a note on photograph No. 3, Captain Stevens says: "At the left rises Mount Tupungato, and at the right-centre Cerro de Plata. The horizon line covered in this photograph corresponds to the three inches of horizon between Aconcagua and Tupungato in the other picture (No. 1), which was made at a distance of 287 miles. Note especially (in No. 3) the snow-clad foothills, as compared with the haze-obscured mountain bases (in No. 1)."

NOMAD SHEPHERDS OF THE PINDUS MOUNTAINS:

PRIMITIVE PASTORAL FOLK OF SOUTHERN ALBANIA AND NORTHERN GREECE WITH NO SETTLED HABITATIONS.

By MRS. MARGARET HASLUCK. (See Illustrations on the opposite page.)

THE Albanians, who took to themselves a King a few years ago, are a primitive people, but the Sarakatchans, who are scattered about South Albania and Northern Greece, are still more so. All the Albanians have houses at least, but the Sarakatchans have none. They are true nomads, and, owning no land, live entirely on the produce of their flocks of sheep and goats. With them they spend the summer among the summits of the Pindus mountains, and descend for the winter to the plains of South Macedonia and Thessaly on the east of those mountains, or to those of South Albania and Epirus on the west. In both their summer and their winter quarters they build themselves huts of reeds, rye-straw (Fig. 4), young beech-trees (Fig. 9), or planks discarded from forest saw-mills (Fig. 10), according to which material is most easily available. The only exception is the summer village of Mejidieh (Fig. 3) on the frontier between Greece and Albania. Its godfather, Sultan Abdul Mejid (1839-61), having a Turk's love of town-planning, gave some nomads land there, and bade them build themselves houses, and they did.

The Sarakatchans number only a few thousands, yet they include two races, the Sarakatchans proper and the Albano-Vlachs. The former speak Greek only, and welcome a stranger with all the graciousness of Greeks. Their men wear sleeved black redingotes and white trousers, but not the white Balkan kilt called "fustanella." Their women wear black kerchiefs on their heads, and very full-pleated skirts

advertises, in the mysterious way of Eastern bazaars, that he wants so many sheep and goats to supplement his own the following summer. One shepherd after another enters into negotiations with him. Finally a bargain is struck about how many animals each shall bring, and how much milk is to be paid the *tcherlingas* for their keep. Then the negotiators part, to meet again the following spring. Neither party can read or write, but the bargain, once struck, is never broken. Each man's word is his bond. The voluntary partnerships last a year, and are renewable. While they last, the *tcherlingas'* word is law.

The distinction of labour between the sexes is hard and fast. The men attend only to the flocks, leading them in Biblical fashion from pasturage to pasturage, milking them (Fig. 3), and turning the milk into cheese. Their ill-famed dogs defend the flocks from marauding wolves and men, but do not drive them as ours do. During

the winter the women knit vests, drawers and socks, and sew trousers, skirts, and shirts. During the summer they spin (Fig. 8) and weave their wool. As the greasy wool needs prolonged washing first, their summer camps are always pitched near strong, permanent springs.

In every respect the nomads live the simple life. Their food is cheese and maize bread. Their only luxuries are coffee, tobacco, sugar, and salt. Their lamps are chips of resinous wood. They light their fires with flint and tinder, not with matches. Their huts have earthen floors and neither beds nor chairs, the occupants sitting on the floor by day and sleeping on it by night. Their paucity of furniture has once cost them hard thinking. Balkan looms are horizontal, and weavers sit at them as we sit at tables. But these nomads have no chairs; stones make uncomfortable seats; and

blocks from trees are not always available. How, then, can they weave at their looms? They have solved the problem by scooping a large hole in the ground

and letting the loom down into it. When the weaver sits on the ground and rests her feet on the bottom of the hole, she is in the required position (Fig. 1).

The construction of their beech huts (Fig. 9) is of some interest. Eighty young beeches are needed per hut. Forty of them are planted in a rough circle, and the others are tied together at the tops. Beech boughs are then interwoven with the trees. No nails are used, the boughs being tied with withies to the trees at the points of intersection. When both the frameworks are covered, a stout pole is pushed under the top-knot of the second set, which is then raised and carried towards the palisade. There it is gradually lowered till the tips of the trees overlap. Then the two sets are tied together with withies; the pole is driven some way into the ground; and the hut is ready. A hole is left for a door at one side. As the work is hard, it is done by the women.

Round huts keep the wind and rain off better than oblong huts, and are easier to make. Unfortunately, it is customary for all the members of a family, whatever their age or sex, to sleep under one roof. But round huts cannot be built to accommodate more than a certain number of sleepers, and, if the family increases disproportionately, the hut must be made oblong (Fig. 2). Then it collapses sometimes. It needs a roof-tree, which is laid on a forked pole at either end of the hut. The withies, however, which bind the tree to the forks are liable to snap.

No account of the Vlach nomads must omit to mention their bells. Of twelve different sizes, ten are tall and thin, like camel-bells, and made of brass. Two are fat and podgy, like Swiss cow-bells, and made of copper. The ten are harmonised, and can play the scale from low *doh* to high *me*. Their musical tinkle on a lonely hillside on a summer evening sounds like delicate music from fairyland. And sometimes a *tcherlingas* will have out the spare bells in his camp and play himself a tune (Fig. 7), or set the boys to play it for him (Fig. 5).

Only a hint can be given here of their queer beliefs. The arrival of triplets tells them that God has cursed the family. Lightning is the weapon God has just hurled at the Devil, as ancient Zeus hurled his thunderbolt. And the dog would have been king of the animals but for the carelessness of the cat.



FIG. 1. A SOLUTION OF THE CHAIR PROBLEM! A VLACH-SPEAKING WOMAN WEAVING WHILE SEATED ON THE GROUND WITH HER FEET RESTING IN A HOLE DUG FOR THE LOOM.

that have roundabout patterns like the hoops of a barrel. The Albano-Vlachs talk Vlach, the Roumanian dialect often spoken in the Western Balkans. Nowadays most of the men wear trousers, but some still stick to their picturesque fustanellas and sleeveless redingotes. At sight of a stranger, whether man or woman, their women run away with shrill cries of "Hoo! Hoo!" as if they were wild animals. They are never seen without their preposterous cardboard hats, which are shaped like inverted buckets, and trimmed each with a silver band (Fig. 6). In their sagging leather belts they stuff purses, bowie-knives, and distaffs.

The Albano-Vlachs are the tail-end of the main body of Vlachs who have been working their way since Roman times southwards from the Danube through Albania into Greece. They seem to have been always nomadic. The Sarakatchans proper are true Greeks, but have been nomadic for only a hundred years. Their ancestors lived in villages not very far north of Missolonghi, but took to the hills and to pastoral life during the troubles that followed the Greek Revolution. Thus the Sarakatchans remind us that civilisation can flow backwards from the settled to the nomadic way of life as well as in the more usual forward direction.

Greeks and Vlachs alike are organised in small communities under a head shepherd, who is known by the Slav name of *tcherlingas* (Fig. 7). He recruits his associates as follows. First he hires a certain amount of pasturage. Then at some autumn fair, such as that held at Konitza in Epirus on Sept. 26, he



FIG. 2. AN OBLONG HUT (FOR A LARGE FAMILY) WITH A SHAKY ROOF-TREE: THE ABODE OF A GREEK-SPEAKING *TCHERLINGAS* (MASTER-SHEPHERD), WHO IS SEEN STANDING BESIDE IT.



FIG. 3. MILKING A GOAT IN THE BALKAN MANNER—FROM THE BACK: VLACH-SPEAKING NOMADS AT MEJIDIEH; INCLUDING ONE (ON RIGHT) WHOSE CAP BETOKENS A SOJOURN OF SOME YEARS IN AMERICA.

PRIMITIVE NOMADS IN MODERN EUROPE: SARAKATCHANS AND ALBANO-VLACHS.



FIG. 4. BESIDE THEIR HUT OF RYE-STRAW IN WINTER QUARTERS AT AGRINION, IN ACARNANIA: NOMADS OF THE GREEK-SPEAKING TYPE.



FIG. 5. PLAYING A TUNE WITH SHEEP AND GOAT BELLS, INCLUDING ONE (EXTREME LEFT), WEIGHING 5 LB.: BOYS OF A VLACH-SPEAKING COMMUNITY OF NOMADS.



FIG. 6. CARDBOARD HATS LIKE INVERTED BUCKETS TRIMMED WITH A SILVER BAND: VLACH-SPEAKING NOMAD WOMEN.



FIG. 7. A TCHERLINGAS RINGING SHEEP AND GOAT BELLS: A TYPICAL VLACH-SPEAKING MASTER-SHEPHERD, WHOSE WORD IS LAW IN HIS NOMAD COMMUNITY.



FIG. 8. SPINNING AS SHE GOES: A VLACH-SPEAKING NOMAD WOMAN ON HER WAY TO FETCH WATER IN THE BARREL ON HER BACK.



FIG. 9. NOMADS OF THE GREEK-SPEAKING TYPE: A FAMILY GROUP BESIDE A BEECH HUT CONSTRUCTED OF FORTY YOUNG TREES PLANTED IN A CIRCLE AND FORTY OTHERS TIED TOGETHER AT THE TOP.



FIG. 10. HUTS BUILT OF PLANKS DISCARDED FROM FOREST SAW-MILLS; WITH SUBSIDIARY HOVELS: SUMMER QUARTERS OF GREEK-SPEAKING NOMADS IN THE PINDUS MOUNTAINS.

The above photographs illustrate Mrs. Margaret Hasluck's interesting article, given on the opposite page, on the nomadic Sarakatchans of Southern Albania and Northern Greece. They comprise the Greek-speaking Sarakatchans proper, and the Albano-Vlachs, who use the Vlach dialect of the Western Balkans. These primitive mountain folk own no land, and live entirely on the produce of their flocks of sheep and goats, passing the summer on the heights of the Pindus range, and descending in winter to the plains on the east or west. Except for the summer village of Mejidieh, on the Græco-Albanian border, the Sarakatchans have no fixed settlement. As a rule they build themselves huts, both in their

summer and winter quarters, roughly constructed of rye-straw, young beech-trees, or planks discarded by woodcutters in the forests. Particularly notable is Mrs. Hasluck's account of the organisation of these wandering communities under a master-shepherd, or *tcherlingas*, whose word is law; the division of labour between men and women; their curious costumes, methods of spinning and weaving, and substitutes for furniture. In sending us her article, Mrs. Hasluck writes: "It represents the most serious exploration that could have been done in modern Europe outside Russia or the Arctic zone. Terrible country, brigands everywhere!" The photographs are numbered to correspond with her references.

PRE-ROMAN STYRIA: METAL MASTERPIECES OF THE 7TH-5TH CENTURIES B.C.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR WALTER SCHMID.



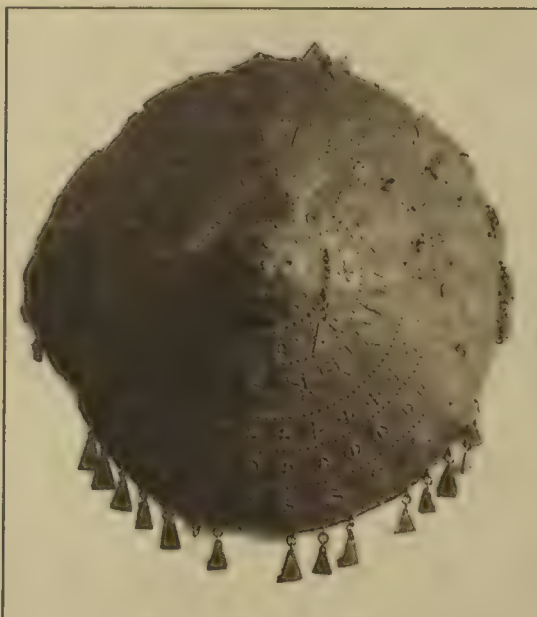
LEFT HANDS WHICH WERE FOUND NAILED TO AN IRON AGE COFFIN AT KLEIN-GLEIN—PROBABLY TO WARD OFF EVIL SPIRITS.



HEAD-ARMOUR FOUND AT KLEIN-GLEIN: A FINELY-MADE HELMET WITH MOUNTS FOR TWO CRESTS.



A CREMATION URN WHICH WOULD SEEM TO IMPLY COMPLEX FUNERAL RITES: AN AMBITIOUS PIECE OF METAL-WORK WITH A HIGH STAND.



SYMBOLISM AMONG THE EARLY INHABITANTS OF STYRIA: THE LID OF A CIST; DECORATED WITH SUN SYMBOLS, MARCHING SOLDIERS, AND SWANS.



A CUIRASS FROM KLEIN-GLEIN: ARMOUR RESEMBLING THAT WHICH EARLY GREEK POTTERY OFTEN DEPICTS HOMERIC HEROES AS WEARING.



A CREMATION URN FROM WILDON: A CLAY VESSEL DECORATED WITH NUMEROUS PLAQUES OF OPEN BRONZE-WORK, SHOWING A MEANDER PATTERN.

from Judenburg we illustrate on the opposite page. The pieces from Klein-Glein in south Styria (excavated 1856-1916)—the "left-hand" amulets; the helmet; the lid of a cist, decorated with symbols; and the cuirass—and those from Wildon (discovered 1929)—the cremation urn and the bronze lid with hanging charms—are scarcely inferior in importance to the Judenburg discoveries.

THE region where the Eastern Alps open out into low passes and wide valleys is one suited to the development of commerce and economic intercourse. "Business" thrived there in the Bronze Age; when it centred round the rich copper-mines on the Mitterberg, near Salzburg. But an end was put to this traffic by some depression of climate at the transitional period between the Bronze and Iron Ages (about 1000 B.C.). New modes of commercial communication developed after a lapse of time, and the wealthy salt-masters of Hallstatt buried in their "flat grave" cemetery treasures of bronze-work which were mostly imported from Italy. In contrast to them, the almost equally wealthy princes who ruled in Styria in that day had the custom of burying their funeral hoards under mounds. Consequently, remarkable "finds" have been made in Styria, in large tumuli—from 100 to 150 ft. wide—dating from the seventh to the fifth century B.C. The famous chariot



BRONZE-WORK DISCOVERED AT WILDON: THE METAL LID OF A CLAY VESSEL; WITH HANGINGS DESIGNED AS CHARMS TO WARD OFF EVIL INFLUENCES.

PRE-ROMAN STYRIA: THE JUDENBURG CHARIOT—SACRIFICING A STAG.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF PROFESSOR WALTER SCHMID.

AS described on the opposite page, the region of the eastern Alps has been a centre of commercial activity—thanks chiefly to its mineral products—from very early times. The now famous ritual chariot illustrated here was discovered at Strettweg, near Judenburg, in 1853, and is at present in the museum at Graz. Judenburg is a mining town in Styria, and is situated some distance above Graz, on the River Mur; Graz, in its turn, is some distance above Wildon and Klein-Glein, places referred to on the opposite page. The Judenburg ritual chariot is of bronze and is twelve inches long by nine inches high by eight inches wide. It is a relic of some strange Illyrico-Celtic civilisation—though there are those who believe it to be Nordic—and dates probably from about 600 B.C. Obviously, it was designed to represent a festival procession. The nude female and male figures in front are, doubtless, a priestess and her servant, who appear to be sacrificing a stag; while in the centre is the goddess of fertility, Mother Earth, whom some have identified with Noreia. On the opposite page will be found further evidence of Iron Age civilisation in Styria.



THE RITUAL CHARIOT OF THE SEVENTH CENTURY B.C. WHICH WAS FOUND AT STRETTWEG, NEAR JUDENBURG: A FRONT VIEW OF THE BRONZE, WHICH IS DEEMED TO REPRESENT A PRIESTESS AND HER ASSISTANT SACRIFICING A STAG; WITH THE EARTH-GODDESS NOREIA IN THE CENTRE. (12 INCHES LONG BY 9 INCHES HIGH BY 8 INCHES WIDE.)



A SIDE VIEW OF THE BRONZE RITUAL CHARIOT FOUND NEAR JUDENBURG: A PHOTOGRAPH TO SHOW CLEARLY BOTH THE WARRIORS ON HORSEBACK; AND THE FULL FIGURE OF THE EARTH GODDESS AND GODDESS OF FERTILITY (IN THE CENTRE).

THE VOICE OF THE TAX-PAYER.

By A. A. B.

VIII.—HIGH FINANCE AND THE BIRTH-RATE.

THE high politics of international finance are the business of us all, from the great bankers and stockbrokers down to their clerks and typists, from the big stores' directors to their counter assistants;

perhaps in due time that will be agreed to. The peace of Versailles imposed on Germany a heavier fine than she can pay—we all see that now, all but the French. The immediate effect of Mr. Hoover's

move has been what is called psychological; that is, everybody is filled with relief and hope. The core of the world's trouble, the excess of production over consumption, is untouched by the year's truce, and can only be cured by the efflux of time, which may be two or three years. The Americans have been the first to see this truth, and the acceptance by France of Mr. Hoover's plan was greeted in Wall Street, not by a boom, but by a fresh decline in prices.

The Bill for the appointment of a Consumers' Council, with the prospective appointment of to poke their

birth-rate during the last decade. The birth-rate is now the lowest it has ever been in Great Britain, and lower than in any other country in the world, except Sweden. England is overcrowded, there being more people to the square mile than in any other country except Japan. Whether a low birth-rate and a declining population be good or bad things—opinions differ—there is no denial that a low birth-rate is the consequence of high taxation. It may be said that the birth-rate and taxation vary in the inverse ratio of one another. The difficulty of paying one's taxes and rates has forced people of small means to consider the limitation of their families as a matter of absolute necessity. In the eighteenth and early part of the nineteenth centuries, they overdid the family business. The strength and brains of the mother were overtaxed, and if it had not been that so many of the children died, there would have been, with the limited resources of food-growing in those days, a starvation crisis. All of Queen Anne's thirteen children died. George III. had fifteen children. The famous Lord Chief Baron Pollock had three wives and twenty-four children.

To-day the pendulum has swung in the opposite direction. The best stock—the country squires and the professional classes—have too few children, simply because they are so heavily taxed for the education, nursing, and housing of the working-classes that they haven't enough left for the upbringing of their own children. It will some day be a danger, as the Registrar-General points out, for numbers conquer the world. Unless we wish to be driven out by Japanese and Chinese, the fall in the birth-rate must not be allowed to go too far. The "Bright Young Matrons" of the day show a preference for jazzing and night clubs over the old-fashioned duties of a mother. But they are a small number, and will soon cease to be young and bright. The vast majority of people like bringing up a family, and it only wants a relief from the iniquitous toll levied by the trade unions upon the upper and middle classes to restore the healthy balance of the population.



SIR HUBERT WILKINS'S POLAR SUBMARINE UNDERGOING REPAIRS AT DEVONPORT DOCKYARD AFTER HER TROUBLOUS ATLANTIC CROSSING: A STERN VIEW OF THE "NAUTILUS"; SHOWING A SECTION OF HER UPPER FRAMEWORK CUT AWAY TO ENABLE THE DAMAGED ARMATURE TO BE REMOVED.

"The "Nautilus" reached Cork on June 22, towed by the U.S. battle-ship "Wyoming," eighteen days after her departure from New York. From there she was taken to Devonport for repairs and overhauling—full assistance in this being rendered by the British Admiralty authorities. The submarine's starboard engine was stripped for work on the cylinders. It was contemplated that she would be ready to proceed to Bergen, Norway, when these repairs were complete—this week; there to be finally fitted-out for her Polar voyage.

for this reason: The taxation which weighs so heavily upon us all can never be reduced until the world slump is turned—I do not say into a boom, but into a condition of normal prosperity in which nations buy and sell freely amongst themselves. That is why everybody is talking about President Hoover's proposal—which has been accepted—that for a twelvemonth there should be a suspension of the payment of international war debts and reparations. The two great creditor Powers are the United States and Great Britain, and the debtor nations are Germany, France, Italy, Roumania, Czecho-Slovakia, Poland, Greece, Bulgaria. I don't count Russia, for Russians are presumed never to pay debts, as a matter of principle. The Americans, lucky dogs, owe nobody anything, and are owed by everybody. England is not entirely a creditor nation, for she owes America for munitions and food bought during the war in America at high prices, and also for money borrowed in New York to lend to our European allies. England's payment of thirty-three millions a year to America is at present almost exactly covered by Germany's payments to us of war debts and reparations, so that if we don't pay America and Germany doesn't pay us, the account is squared by a cross entry. But if France and Italy and the other European countries suspend their payments to England, and if we forgo our payments of loans from our Dominions, Canada, Australia, and New Zealand, the national revenue will be short of a very large sum, which is estimated at about eleven millions sterling.

We must not conceal from ourselves that this will be one of the effects of the Hoover moratorium. How can Mr. Snowden meet this appalling hole in his Budget? He has said that he can't increase the income-tax, though if he does not do so, he can only get the money by what is called "raiding the Sinking Fund"; that is to say, by repealing the law which obliges the Chancellor of the Exchequer to set aside £60,000,000 every year for the reduction of the National Debt. If Mr. Snowden cancels the law and applies the money to covering the suspended debt payments, there will be a fall in British Government securities. Of course, the only thing that would put the world straight financially would be what Lord Balfour proposed ten years ago: to cancel all war debts, and

an army of inspectors, who are to poke their noses into tradesmen's shops and examine their books, is a sample of the helplessness and futility of modern Governments. It is pretty obvious, with the low prices of wholesale commodities and the high retail prices, that many distributors, both merchants and shopkeepers, are making unduly large profits. Why should herrings and apples be sold at 4d. each, and a chicken at 14s.? The cure for exorbitant tradesmen's profits lies with the individual members of the public, not with a Government department. The shopkeepers will tell you, quite truly, that they have to pay exorbitant wages for labour; that an errand boy demands his 30s. a week, and that rents in certain streets have doubled. But have cooks and housewives suddenly lost their tongues? It is for the shoppers to bargain at market, as they do in France and Italy, and competition is so keen nowadays that you can always threaten street A with the prices of street B. Where many thrifty souls make fools of themselves in travelling by bus or taxi to some distant store to save a few pence which they have already spent in locomotion. Of course, any interference with their prices will be unpopular with shopkeepers; and so the Government, which shrinks from any responsibility, fobs the job off on to a Select Committee. On the whole, I agree with Dr. Johnson that it is better to deal at a stately shop, where it is not worth their while to cheat you.

Another fact of the greatest interest is the falling off in the

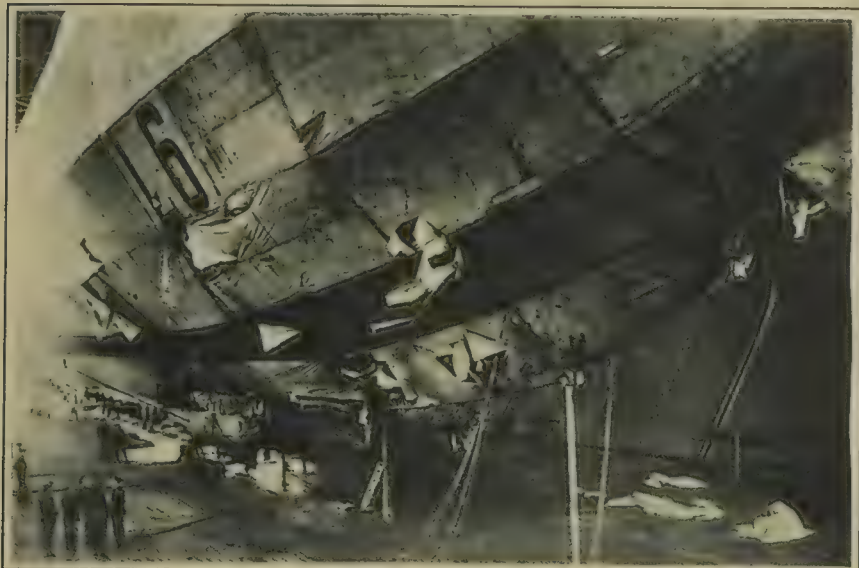


THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE ROYAL AGRICULTURAL SHOW AT WARWICK: HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS INSPECTING THE CROPS OF THE WARWICK EDUCATIONAL COMMITTEE'S MODEL FARM.

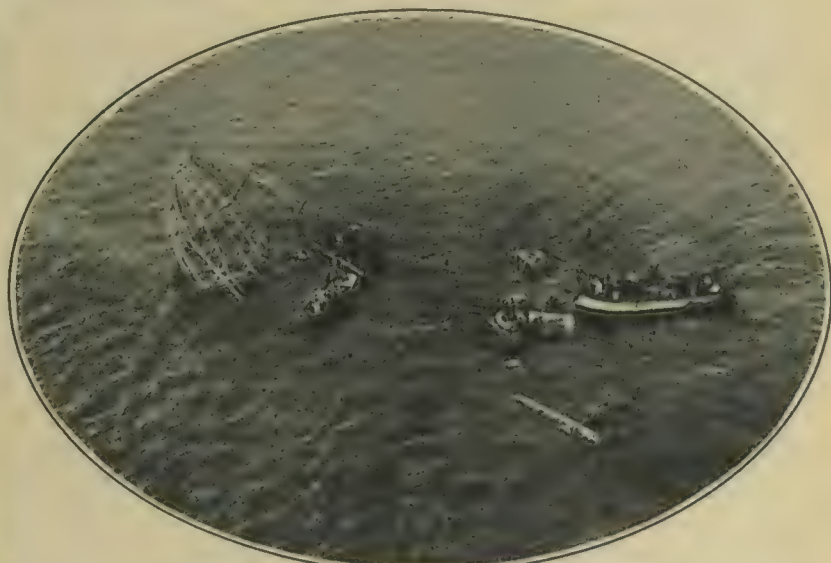
The Prince of Wales visited the Royal Agricultural Show, on July 8, making the journey to Warwick by aeroplane. He saw the flower show, and, on admiring a crimson carnation named "Earl Beatty," was informed that this was the sweetest-scented carnation in the show. He accepted one as a "buttonhole." The Prince also went to the Forestry Exhibition, and, after luncheon, he saw a parade of cattle, the judging of hunter riding classes, and a military display by the Scots Greys.

IN CONTRAST TO THE FRIENDLY VISIT: ZEPPELINS IN THE WAR.

PHOTOGRAPHS REPRODUCED FROM "ZEPPELINE GEGEN ENGLAND," BY COURTESY OF THE AUTHOR, KAPITÄNLEUTNANT HORST FREIHERR TREUSCH VON BUTTLAR BRANDENFELS, AND OF THE PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. AMALTHEA-VERLAG.



A MISHAP THAT MIGHT WELL HAVE BEEN AN "R.101," DISASTER: THE NAVAL ZEPPELIN "L.6," DAMAGED BY STRIKING TREE-TOPS AFTER SHE HAD FLOWN INTO A FIR WOOD DURING STORMY WEATHER IN 1915.



A ZEPPELIN STRUCK BY LIGHTNING—AND HER CREW KILLED: THE REMAINS OF "L.10," A DIRIGIBLE WHICH WAS ENTIRELY WRECKED BY FIRE IN THE BIGHT OF HELIGOLAND AFTER A RECONNAISSANCE FLIGHT.



THE "SCAPA FLOW" OF THE GERMAN NAVY'S ZEPPELIN FLEET: A BIRD'S-EYE VIEW OF TWO HANGARS BURNT BY GERMANS ENGAGED IN DESTROYING DIRIGIBLES AFTER THE ARMISTICE.



"L.12," ONE OF THE FIRST RAIDING ZEPPELINS FORCED DOWN BY BRITISH ACTION: THE DIRIGIBLE FLOATING ON THE SEA OFF ZEEBRUGGE AFTER HAVING BEEN DAMAGED BY GUNFIRE OFF DOVER.

It was stated by Colonel the Master of Sempill on July 11 that the "Graf Zeppelin" would leave Friedrichshafen at about eight on the Thursday morning and arrive at the London Air Park, Hanworth, at seven in the evening. She would stay there for the night and the following day and then start on a twenty-four hours' cruise round the British Isles. After this she would return to Hanworth and then to Friedrichshafen. This lends additional interest to the war photographs here given. The following notes concern certain of these. In the autumn of 1915, in a night of fog and snowstorm, "L.6" flew too low and crashed her bow in a fir wood—the trees piercing the fabric like spears. "L.6" was damaged, but did not catch fire. The disaster recalls in some respects that which overtook "R.101" sixteen years later. Eventually "L.6" met her end in 1916, being burnt in her hangar at Fuhlsbüttel, in a fire started by faulty



THE END OF "L.12": THE BURNT-OUT FRAMEWORK IN OSTEND, WHITHER THE DAMAGED ZEPPELIN WAS TOWED AND WHERE SHE CAUGHT FIRE—A GERMAN MILITARY FIRE BRIGADE IN ACTION.

inflation methods. "L.10" had a more terrible fate. On her return from a reconnaissance flight in the Bight of Heligoland, she was struck by lightning and destroyed in flames, with her crew. They had been valving-out hydrogen in a thunderstorm, "something they should not have done." The "L.12" was destroyed after the first concerted attack on London in August, 1915. This enterprise can hardly be said to have been a success—and "L.12" came under heavy anti-aircraft fire at Dover and was hit by a 3-inch shell. Through loss of gas, she was forced down in the sea off Zeebrugge, whence she was towed into Ostend. While she was being salvaged there, she caught fire. Incidentally, in connection with the photographs of "L.12" off Zeebrugge and at Ostend, it is of interest to note that the fifth volume of "Naval Operations" reveals the fact that the great raid of April 1918 did not effectively close the Zeebrugge base.

TRANSATLANTIC CONVERSATIONS: THE PURITAN AND THE SKYSCRAPER.

By **SIGNOR GUGLIELMO FERRERO,**

The distinguished Italian Philosophical Historian; Author of "The Greatness and Decline of Rome," "Ruins of the Ancient Civilisations," etc.

We continue here our series of articles by Signor Guglielmo Ferrero, dealing with world politics as that famous modern historian sees them and interprets them. The views set forth in the series are personal and not necessarily editorial.

"NO; this crisis makes no impression on me. We have had so many others! Why, I remember the crisis of 1922, and those of 1914, 1907, and that of 1893. They all followed the same course. There is always a moment of despair. When that occurs people think that the world is coming to an end and that all is lost. And afterwards? You must admit that the end of the world is still a long way off. After moaning over the losses, people always end by understanding that the most reasonable thing to do is to begin over again: that one must once more set to work and get back what has been lost; one ceases to complain, one turns towards the future, one starts on new business with a prudence which makes it succeed; those first successes cause us to forget the disappointments of the past, and courage returns; after a few years, quite suddenly, one finds oneself in the midst of prosperity. What I have just detailed to you is the history of all crises. History will repeat itself: it is only a question of time. That is why I am perfectly calm in the midst of the pessimism of the world. Nothing extraordinary will happen in America in the years to come; we shall not see any of the disasters that so many prophets announce."

The American who was unfolding his theories to me in his office in New York was a man between 50 and 60 years of age; one of those Puritans, with simple, clear ideas, with immovable convictions which give a feeling of bedrock to those who approach them. Everything about him expressed heavy solidity; he was thick-set and of medium height, his forehead was arched and so was his skull, which was round and bald, and looked like a pink ball. One would have imagined that if one had tapped that skull with a hammer, it would have been the hammer which would have rebounded. Like all the ideas which had found a place under that dome-shaped skull, the optimism expressed in that discourse was simple, clear, and unassailable. I felt that there was no way to shatter this conviction with arguments; it would have needed a catastrophe to make any impression. I answered him, therefore, without any hope of convincing him.

I began by objecting that this crisis had deeper and more complex causes than the preceding ones. "Do not forget that there is the World War at the bottom of all that enormous perturbation. The other crises were only the reaction of certain excesses in industry and commerce, a natural and salutary reaction which corrected those excesses. This time we are undergoing the consequences of the enormous destruction of capital made by the greatest war in history."

"The war may have ruined Europe, or certain parts of Europe," the optimist replied without hesitation. "It enriched us. To-day even in our present depression we are much richer, and we live much better than we did twenty years ago, when you were here for the first time."

"Yes, but the question is to know whether your new wealth is a positive acquisition. You became rich while nearly all Europe and a part of Asia spent in wars and revolutions the riches they had accumulated in fifty years. At present Europe and Asia are ruined; just because they squandered too large a part of their capital. Their poverty re-acts upon you. One people may enrich themselves from the ruin of another, but only for a certain time; it can only enrich itself in a continuous and definite manner when all the rest of the world is

enriching itself also. The world has become a unity, the peoples are now solid. . . ."

"That is again a fixed idea of the Europeans. The world is a unity. Are you quite sure of that? Do you know what part of the United States exports represent in the sum total of its commerce? Less than 10 per cent. Even if the world became so poor that it could no longer buy anything that we produce, the problem for us would only be reduced to how we could utilise 10 per cent. of what we produce. Do you think we should be incapable of this?"

And he shrugged his shoulders forcibly. The man who would consider the task above America's strength seemed to him a fool worthy only of disdainful pity. But, despite the disdain which he displayed, his assertion was open to dispute. I replied: "You are making the question too simple. Let us admit that of the total commerce of

were to shut yourselves in by erecting a sort of Great Wall of China around you, you could no longer live as you are doing to-day, and as you have lived for the last fifteen years, when the riches of the world flowed in here."

My questioner reflected for a moment; then, with a brusque movement, he carried the discussion on to another plane. "Do not let us lose ourselves in the subtleties of dialectics. What is the real question at bottom? We can increase our population every year as much as we wish and that without spending a cent; to do that we have only to turn the tap of immigration a very little. Our riches have made a great impression on you; do not, however, forget that we are only beginning, that we have only exploited a minimum part of our natural resources. We have enormous sums of capital at our disposal, more than we can use; we have veritable armies of engineers, inventors, and constructionists.

Technical knowledge yearly makes prodigious strides with us. It is almost magical. We should be forced to go on enriching ourselves more and more, even if we did not wish to do so. We are no longer master of our fate; our activity is carried away by the spirit of progress ever further and further."

"That is to say," I replied, smiling a little maliciously, "that you no longer dominate the machine which you have created. Take care, it might in its mad course shatter itself against some obstacle."

"What obstacle? There are none. The mechanic-less machine on its mad course which frightens you is the combined forces of human activities which produce riches. Why be alarmed if those activities produce ever more and more riches? Can there ever be too much wealth in the world? There is, and there still will be, so much misery in the world."

"Yes, but with that fine optimism we have arrived at the present situation: millions of people out of work, shops overflowing with merchandise that cannot be sold; peoples dying of hunger, and millions of agriculturists in despair because they do not know where to sell their wheat."

"That is a passing perturbation. Its evident absurdity guarantees that it cannot last. Besides, it is more a question of a psychological phenomenon than of an economic one. You know quite well that money is ac-

cumulating in the banks of all countries; with us it is only a question of larger proportions. What does that imply? That men would still have the money to buy all the things that they cannot manage to sell. Why is it that, instead of buying those things, they prefer to save and accumulate money in the banks? Because they are afraid that they will need it some day; because they are afraid of the future. It is a kind of unhealthy inhibition. . . ."

"It would be unhealthy if the fear of the future were chimerical," I replied, "but what if it were justified?"

My interlocutor was silent for a moment. All of a sudden he got up, and went to one of the windows of the room in which we were talking, and made me a sign to come and stand beside him. I went to the window and feasted my eyes on the golden sunshine of a glorious May morning, which enveloped New York and made the city sparkle. We were on the eighteenth storey of a building which, without having attained to the dignity of a skyscraper, still dominated many lower edifices. Below us, as far as the eye could reach, an ocean of roofs and buildings unrolled themselves at our feet. But opposite us, shooting up towards the sky, kingly, unique, dominating all the town, and crushing us at the summit of our eighteenth storey, was the silver mass of the Empire Building.

The Empire Building is the highest skyscraper built up till now. It rises from 33rd Street near to Vene Avenue; it is higher than the Eiffel Tower; it has 102 storeys. Its shape is that of a tower with concave walls.

(Continued on page 130.)



THE KING AND QUEEN AT EDINBURGH: THEIR MAJESTIES AT DALMENY CHURCH—CONGRATULATING THE "DALMENY GANG," THE PARISHIONERS WHO VOLUNTEERED TO DO THE ROUGH WORK IN THE RESTORATION OF THE FAMOUS LITTLE ROMANESQUE "GEM."

The King and Queen, accompanied by the Duke and Duchess of York, visited the parish church of Dalmeny, outside Edinburgh, on July 7. This Romanesque church is being restored, and the men of the parish are voluntarily doing the rough work. They are known as the "Dalmeny Gang." The church was built, probably, at the beginning of the twelfth century (it was restored in 1866); and, next to Leuchars, it is the most perfect specimen of this style of architecture in Scotland.

the United States your exports represent less than 10 per cent. But that is because you yourselves manufacture nearly all that is necessary for your internal consumption. You have a very large number of industries which export nothing, who work solely for American customers. But it is also true that your prosperity depends upon certain great objects of production—petrol, cotton, copper, wheat, silver, tobacco, coal, and iron—and that those products need the world market? When are the United States prosperous? When they can sell all their products at very high prices, as has happened during the last ten years. Then your farmers and all those who are interested in your mining industries earn much money and, having a great deal of money, they spend it largely: they buy motor cars, pianos, wireless sets, they travel, and they fill the cinemas. Money circulates, prosperity is universal. When the price of cotton, petrol, wheat, and all the rest goes down, the people earn little or nothing at all and everything stops, as it has done now. But the price of all those products is a world one, it must go down if the world is ruined and without money, as it is to-day."

"But don't you think that the United States would be capable of consuming the greater part of those productions which they now send abroad?"

"I think that they would be able to. It is evident that among all the peoples of the world you are the one that could live most easily on your own resources. You have everything. But it also seems to me that if you

SUBMARINE LIFE-SAVING—AS IT WILL BE SEEN DURING "NAVY WEEK."



SUBMARINE RATINGS WEARING THE DAVIS ESCAPE APPARATUS AND SEEN AFTER THEY HAD QUALIFIED AS EFFICIENT BY ESCAPING FROM THE PRACTICE TANK.



SUBMARINE OFFICERS WEARING THE DAVIS ESCAPE APPARATUS DURING INSTRUCTION IN ITS USE GIVEN BY PETTY OFFICER F. A. WILLIS (LEFT).



MEN INSIDE THE AIR-LOCK CHAMBER: READY TO ADJUST THEIR APPARATUS, FOR THE CLOSING OF THE DOOR AND FOR THE FLOODING OF THE CHAMBER.



THE TANK AT GOSPORT IN WHICH OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE SUBMARINES LEARN HOW TO ESCAPE WITH THE DAVIS APPARATUS—SHOWING OBSERVATION-WINDOWS.



MEN LEARNING HOW TO REMOVE THE NOSE-PIECE OF THE ESCAPE APPARATUS, AND HOW TO INFLATE ITS BUOYANCY-GIVING "LUNG" ON THE SURFACE.



A PUPIL RISING THROUGH THE WATER WITH THE AID OF HIS ESCAPE APPARATUS—THE CONNING-TOWER OF THE DUMMY SUBMARINE SEEN BELOW.

"Navy Week" is to be held this year at Portsmouth, Plymouth, and Chatham, from August 1 to 8, and, as before, visitors to those places will be able to see for themselves how the Navy goes about its daily work. Of very special interest, in view of the escapes from the submarine "Poseidon," will be those demonstrations at each of the three ports which will show how members of the crew of a submarine may escape from their sunken vessel—as in the manner successfully adopted in the "Poseidon," as illustrated on another page. The photographs reproduced above give an excellent idea of what the public may expect to see during "Navy Week." They were taken at Fort Blockhouse, Gosport, where a special water-



A PUPIL COMING TO THE SURFACE AT A MOMENT AT WHICH AIR DISCHARGED FROM THE DUMMY SUBMARINE WAS DISTURBING THE WATER.

tank, with other apparatus, has been erected in order that submarine crews may be taught how to escape in an emergency. The conning-tower from the old submarine "LH" has been set on the bottom of the tank, and access to this is obtained through a water-tight door and an air-lock. Each man is equipped with the Davis Submarine Escape Apparatus—the official life-saving device used by Petty Officer Patrick H. Willis and those others who escaped from the sunken "Poseidon." The tank is 15 ft. high; and holds 64 tons of water, which is slightly tepid. About two hundred officers and over a thousand men have already made practice escapes whilst undergoing the special instructions.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.



THE ADVENTUROUS TRANSATLANTIC RACE FOR SMALL YACHTS: THE START FROM THE UNITED STATES—NEWPORT, RHODE ISLAND.

Ten small yachts—eight American and two English—started from Newport, Rhode Island, on July 4, in a race across the Atlantic to Plymouth. The largest of them—the ketch "Landfall"—is only 71 ft. long; while the smallest, "Amber Jack II.," draws little more than 6 ft. of water. The two British entries are "Ilex," a 50-ft. sloop, and the 49-ft. sloop "Maitenes II."



BRITISH INDIA AT THE FRENCH COLONIAL EXHIBITION: THE PAVILION ERECTED AT THE EXPENSE OF THE AGA KHAN.

Attention has been drawn recently to the small degree in which we are represented at the French Colonial Exhibition: the principal British exhibit, says a witty writer, is one illustrating "Diseases of the British Empire"! An Indian pavilion has, however, been erected, at the expense of the Aga Khan, and it was arranged that this should be opened on July 12.



THE PRINCE OF WALES SPEED-BOATING ON VIRGINIA WATER: H.R.H. TRAVELLING AT 40 M.P.H.—WITH A FRIEND.

The Prince of Wales, accompanied by Prince George and his friends, had some practice with his new outboard motor-boat on Virginia Water, Windsor Great Park, last week-end. On the straight, the Prince attained a speed of 40 m.p.h., and made some thrilling turns. Prince George afterwards took a trip in the boat.



A SPEED-BOAT WITH AN ALL-BRITISH SHARLAND OUTBOARD MOTOR: MRS. TREVOR GUEST ON HEWENDEN LAKE IN "DAB III."

We reproduce here a photograph of Mrs. Trevor Guest racing on Hewenden Lake in a speed-boat—"Dab III."—propelled by a Sharland outboard engine. This all-British motor, which was exhibited at the Motor and Motor-Boat Show in London, has been evolved to meet the demand for an outboard four-stroke engine. It has dry sump lubrication with oil-cooler as in aeroplane engines.



THE BRADFORD HISTORICAL PAGEANT: WOOL-SACKS PROTECTING THE CATHEDRAL TOWER FROM ARTILLERY FIRE, AS IN CROMWELLIAN TIMES.

Prince George opened the Bradford historical pageant, in Peel Park, on the afternoon of July 13. The pageant is in connection with the Imperial Wool Fair now being held in the city, and calls attention to the six-hundredth anniversary of the virtual founding of the woollen industry in Bradford.



THE TEWKESBURY PAGEANT: A SCENE FROM THE PRESENTATION OF THE MARRIAGE OF LORD ABERGAVENNY (LEFT) TO ISABEL LE-DISPENSER.

The Tewkesbury pageant opened on July 14—in front of the famous old Abbey. It was designed to depict the history of the town. Incidents in it are the consecration of the Abbey in 1123—including a procession of Bishops; the attempted ducking of a witch in 1643; and the marriage of Lord Abergavenny to Isabel le-Dispenser, illustrated here, where he is seen putting his lady's glove in his helmet.

A WINDOW ON THE WORLD: RECENT HAPPENINGS AT HOME AND ABROAD.



THE NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION ON WORLD DISARMAMENT: THE CROWD LISTENING TO SPEECHES FROM THE ALBERT HALL RELAYED TO HYDE PARK.

The National Demonstration on World Disarmament, held in London on July 11, was supported by over sixty organisations—churches, religious bodies, political, educational, and other movements—and took place at the Albert Hall. It was preceded by an impressive procession from the Embankment. A photograph of the Prime Minister, Mr. Baldwin, and Mr. Lloyd George on the platform will be found on our Personal Page.



THE AMERICAN WORLD FLIGHT: MESSRS. GATTY AND POST WELCOMED IN BROADWAY ON THEIR WAY TO THE CITY HALL OF NEW YORK.

Mr. Wiley Post and Mr. Gatty, escorted by soldiers, sailors, marines, and aeroplanes, rode up Broadway from the Battery to City Hall, on June 2, in the traditional shower of ticker-tape, and then received the official welcome of the city. In the evening they were given a dinner by the companies which made their aeroplane and its engines; and on July 3 they were the guests of President and Mrs. Hoover.



THE CRUMBLING CLIFFS OF EAST ANGLIA: A VIEW OF THE LANDSLIP WHICH OCCURRED RECENTLY NEAR CROMER LIGHTHOUSE (SEEN ON THE RIGHT).

That the cliffs of East Anglia are not immovable is to be concluded from the legend of Dunwich, where seven churches are popularly said to have been lost under the sea! The coast at Cromer recently suffered a less spectacular, but very substantial, encroachment, when a fall, estimated at

a hundred thousand tons of cliff, occurred there on July 11. The place affected was opposite the lighthouse, which is five hundred yards away; but there was neither loss of life nor damage to property, though the proposed extension of the Cromer promenade may be interfered with.



THE GRAVE FINANCIAL CRISIS IN BERLIN: A CROWD OUTSIDE A BRANCH OFFICE OF THE "DARMSTÄDTER AND NATIONALBANK," WHICH CLOSED ITS DOORS.

The news spread on July 13, in Berlin, that the "Darmstädter and Nationalbank," one of the largest banking houses in Germany, had had to close its doors. Before noon, however, a Presidential decree was issued empowering the Government to guarantee the liabilities of the Bank, together with an appeal to the nation to keep its head in the crisis. Although there was a strong under-



THE FINANCIAL CRISIS IN BERLIN: POLICE KEEPING BACK A CROWD OF DEPOSITORS AT THE DOORS OF A CLOSED MUNICIPAL SAVINGS BANK.

current of nervousness, nothing ever approaching panic was witnessed on July 13. The banks imposed withdrawal restrictions and sifted demands for foreign currency very carefully. The Government was authorised by a Presidential decree to order the closing of all banks, savings banks, and credit institutions in Germany on July 14 and 15, with the exception of the Reichsbank.

THE MOUNT KAMET EXPEDITION, WHICH HAS REACHED THE HIGHEST SUMMIT YET ATTAINED: THE LATEST PHOTOGRAPHS.

PHOTOGRAPHS EXCLUSIVE TO "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS," BY ARRANGEMENT WITH THE "TIMES."



MEMBERS OF THE MOUNT KAMET EXPEDITION ON THE KUARI PASS: VIEWING THE KAMET RANGE—THE SQUARE-TOPPED PEAKS GUARI AND HATHI PARBAT SEEN TO THE RIGHT-CENTRE.



THE BASE CAMP OF THE EXPEDITION ON THE RAIKANE GLACIER (15,600 FEET).



MEN WHO WORKED SPLENDIDLY AND OFTEN EXPERTLY: PORTERS OF THE EXPEDITION TRAVERSING ROUGH GROUND IN THE DHAOLI VALLEY—DURAGIRI SEEN IN THE BACKGROUND.



LOOKING ALONG NITI GORGE, WHICH IS DESCRIBED AS THE MOST WONDERFUL GORGE IN THE HIMALAYAS.



THE OBJECTIVE AS SEEN FROM THE EAST KAMET GLACIER: 25,447-FT. KAMET, WHOSE SUMMIT HAS BEEN REACHED BY TWO PARTIES OF CLIMBERS—THE FIRST LED BY MR. FRANK S. SMYTHE; THE SECOND BY CAPTAIN E. ST. J. BIRNIE.



NIMA DORJI, THE PORTER OF THE FIRST CLIMBING PARTY WHO CARRIED A LOAD OF OVER 20 LB. OF CINEMA APPARATUS UP TO THE ROCK BENEATH THE FINAL 300-FT. SLOPE LEADING TO THE SUMMIT RIDGE AND THEN COLLAPSED.



HEAVILY LOADED YAKS ON THEIR WAY TO THE BASE CAMP—ANIMAL WITNESSES TO THE TRANSPORT DIFFICULTIES FACED.

We here continue the series of very remarkable photographs of the Mount Kamet Expedition which was begun in our issue of July 4 last and will be continued from time to time as further photographs arrive: this by special arrangement with the "Times." Mr. Frank S. Smythe, the leader of the Expedition, has announced two successful ascents of Mount Kamet. One party—consisting of Mr. Smythe, as leader, Messrs. E. E. Shipton and R. L. Holdsworth, and the porters, Lewa and Nima Dorji—attained the 25,447-foot summit on June 21; and three other members of the Expedition—Captain E. St. J. Birnie, Dr. Raymond Greene, and the porter, Kesar Singh—attained it two days later. Mr. Smythe's fine, yet modest, report in the "Times" makes it very evident that the objective was won only by the exercise of the greatest courage, the greatest endurance, and the greatest skill, although weather conditions were favourable. "Taking it

in turns we Europeans advanced, the porters following in our tracks. It was grueling work. . . . Our pace dropped from nearly 500 ft. in an hour to about 200 ft. . . . Above was a large rock immediately beneath a final 300-ft. slope leading to the summit ridge. Snow here was hard and icy, and we had to cut steps up to it—an hour's work for 100 ft. We hoped to find some place on which to sit, but the rock was sloping and hostile. At this point Nima Dorji collapsed. He had bravely done his best, carrying a load of over 20 lb. of cinema apparatus. After a rest he was able to return alone in safety. . . . The ascent of 300 ft. from the rock to the summit ridge will remain in the memory of all of us as the most exacting and exhausting piece of climbing any has ever endured." The summit itself had then to be climbed.—[The "Times" World Copyright.]

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.



THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH AT LORD'S: THE DEFEATED HARROVIANS.

In the photograph are (l. to r., standing): W. E. Heinemann, J. G. Hopton, M. Tindall, A. S. B. Gascoyne, D. O. Couper, A. Benn; (sitting): N. B. Clive, E. J. E. de Las Casas, F. E. Covington (Capt.), G. F. Haslewood, K. Blackmore.



THE ETON AND HARROW MATCH AT LORD'S: THE VICTORIOUS ETONIANS.

In the photograph are (l. to r.; standing): N. S. Hotchkin, N. E. W. Baker, M. S. Gosling, J. V. Lane-Fox (twelfth man), J. H. L. Aubrey-Fletcher, T. F. Hanbury, A. M. Hedley; (sitting): J. N. Hogg, A. W. Allen, J. C. Atkinson-Clark (Capt.), A. M. Baerlein, R. Page.

M. JEAN FORAIN.

Distinguished French artist. Died, July 12; aged eighty. A famous caricaturist and humorous draughtsman at the end of the last century. His war pictures were also particularly striking.



THE WOMEN'S 1/4-MILE AND 80-YARDS-HURDLES WORLD RECORDS: THE MISSES NELLIE HALSTEAD (LEFT) AND GREEN.
At Stamford Bridge Miss Halstead broke the world's 1/4-mile record with a time of 58.4 sec., and Miss E. E. Green the world's 80-metres-hurdles record, with 12 sec.



MISS CONNIE MASON, BREAKER OF THE WOMEN'S RECORD IN THE MILE WALK AT STAMFORD BRIDGE.

At the women's A.A.A. meeting, Miss Mason won the mile walk in 7 min. 45.3 sec., beating her own previous world's record by nearly 1/2 min.

MR. KAYE DON.

On July 9, beat his own world's speed-boat record — 103.49 m.p.h.—by attaining 110 m.p.h. on Garda. This was done in "Miss England II.", with Rolls-Royce engines.



PROFESSOR H. WILSON CARR.

Professor of Philosophy, King's College, London, and Visiting Professor, University of California. Died, July 8; aged 75.



SIR CHARLES BEDFORD.

Distinguished member of the I.M.S. Died, July 8; aged, sixty-five. Chemical examiner in the Punjab and in Bengal. Well known for his work on both potable and industrial alcohol.



THE ARCH-BISHOP OF UPSALA.

Dr. Nathan Söderblom, Primate of Sweden. Died, July 12; aged sixty-five. An influential leader in the movement for the reunion of the churches. Nobel Prize, 1930.



THE NATIONAL DEMONSTRATION ON WORLD DISARMAMENT: (L. TO R.) MR. LLOYD GEORGE, THE PRIME MINISTER, AND MR. BALDWIN AT THE ALBERT HALL.

Many thousands took part in the national demonstration on world disarmament on July 11. The Prime Minister, Mr. Baldwin, and Mr. Lloyd George appeared on the platform at the Albert Hall, under the chairmanship of Sir William Robertson. A motion was unanimously carried welcoming the coming Disarmament Conference, and urging "the Government to do all in its power to bring about a real reduction in the Armies, Navies, and Air Forces of the world."



THE GERMAN FINANCIAL CRISIS: DR. LUTHER ON HIS WAY TO HIS INFORMAL CONFERENCE WITH MR. MONTAGU NORMAN ON THE BOAT TRAIN.

Dr. Luther, President of the Reichsbank, visited London on July 9, on his way to Basle, Headquarters of the Bank of International Settlements, where the financial crisis was due for discussion on July 13. His informal conversation with the Governor of the Bank of England took place in the boat train by which Dr. Luther was travelling to Paris and Mr. Montagu Norman to Basle.

THE KING AND QUEEN IN SCOTLAND: AT GLASGOW'S NEW DOCK AND IN EDINBURGH.



AT THE NEW SHIELDHALL DOCK, GLASGOW: THEIR MAJESTIES EMBARKING AFTER THE OPENING.



THE ROYAL GARDEN PARTY IN EDINBURGH: A GENERAL VIEW TAKEN FROM THE ROOF OF THE PALACE OF HOLYROODHOUSE.



THE KING AND QUEEN ON BOARD THE TURBINE STEAMER "KING GEORGE V.": ARRIVING FOR THE INAUGURATION OF THE NEW DOCK AT GLASGOW.



THE QUEEN NAMING THE DOCK "THE KING GEORGE V. DOCK": POURING WINE INTO THE WATERS OF THE HARBOUR.



THE KING WITH BLIND EX-SERVICE MEN AT THE PALACE OF HOLYROODHOUSE: HIS MAJESTY AND HIS GUESTS FROM NEWINGTON HOUSE.

THE King and Queen visited Glasgow on July 10, to open the new Shieldhall Dock, which was completed recently and has cost £2,000,000. The dock adds twenty acres of water and over a mile of quays to the city's harbour. In the course of his speech, his Majesty said: "There are still new worlds for Glasgow to conquer. There is, for example, that southern half of the American continent from which my dear son, the Prince of Wales, has recently returned, and which, I believe, will one day be bound to Britain with close commercial ties." He then gave permission for the dock to be named after him. A Royal Garden Party was held at the Palace of Holyroodhouse, Edinburgh, on July 9. On July 12 the King and Queen received at the Palace a party of men from the Scottish National Institution for Blinded Sailors and Soldiers (Newington House, Edinburgh).



THE KING TALKING TO THE TWIN SISTERS, FRANCES AND MARIA SCOTT: AN INFORMAL SCENE IN THE ROYAL BOTANIC GARDENS, EDINBURGH.

UNDER THE AUCTIONEER'S HAMMER:



A JOUST AT THE TILT: A PAGE FROM THE FIFTEENTH-CENTURY MS. "ORDINANCES OF CHIVALRY," COMPILED FOR SIR JOHN ASTLEY, K.G., WHO DIED IN 1486.



TILTING ARMOUR ATTRIBUTED TO ANTON PEFFENHAUSER, OF AUGSBURG (1525-1603).—SOLD FOR £1250.

FINE LOTS SOLD AND TO BE SOLD.



A FIGHT WITH AXES BETWEEN SIR JOHN ASTLEY AND PHILIP BOYLE OF ARAGON, AT SMITHFIELD: A PAGE FROM THE "ORDINANCES OF CHIVALRY."



A LOUIS XV. CLOCK—8 FT. HIGH—STAMPED "DUHAMEL ME": SOLD FOR 1000 GUINEAS.



A HITHERTO UNKNOWN PORTRAIT OF CAPTAIN COOK, THE FAMOUS NAVIGATOR: A CONTEMPORARY WORK OF THE ENGLISH SCHOOL.



A LOUIS XVI. MARQUETERIE SECRETAIRE—ONCE THE PROPERTY OF MARIE ANTOINETTE—SOLD FOR 1900 GUINEAS.



A SIXTEENTH-CENTURY PERSIAN RUG OF THE SO-CALLED "POLISH" TYPE—SOLD FOR 3800 GUINEAS.

THE first and the third illustrations on this page are from the "Ordinances of Chivalry, Navigation, Mediæval Manners and Costume," an illuminated manuscript, on vellum, compiled for Sir John Astley, K.G., who died in 1486. In the "Joust at the Tilt," the rider on the left is Sir John Astley, as is shown by his crest, a crowned harpy. The other rider has a crest of three maidens in a sort of basket. In the "Fight with Axes," King Henry VI. is shown seated as judge, on a dais. The MS. is to be sold at Sotheby's on July 20. The tilting armour in the second illustration was evidently intended for the barrier joust. It was sold at Sotheby's. The Louis XV. clock, the sixteenth-century Persian rug, and the Louis XVI. secretaire were sold at Christie's. The rug measures 7 ft. 6 in. by 4 ft. 9 in. The secretaire was purchased by Jacob, Lord Hastings, from the Petit Trianon. The Captain Cook portrait, which is to be sold by Puttick and Simpson's on July 30, was discovered by chance in a house at Cobham, and since then its pedigree has been found.

"LA BELLE FERRONIERE": THREE PICTURES FOR COMPARISON.



1. THE LOUVRE "LA BELLE FERRONIERE": A PHOTOGRAPH OF THE FAMOUS PICTURE IN THE LOUVRE, PARIS.



2. ANOTHER VERSION OF "LA BELLE FERRONIERE": A PICTURE INCORRECTLY DESCRIBED AS THAT OWNED BY MME. ANDRÉE HAHN.

IN "The Illustrated London News" of March 2, 1929 (page 339), we gave a photograph of a painting and stated that it represented the painting, "La Belle Ferronière," owned by Mme. Andrée Hahn. It has been pointed out that this photograph did not, in fact, show Mme. Hahn's picture. We have pleasure, therefore, in reproducing Mme. Hahn's "La Belle Ferronière" on this page (Fig. 3); together with the Louvre picture (Fig. 1), and another work (Fig. 2) which seems to be a copy of the Louvre picture. Our readers will, we are sure, be interested to compare the three "La Belle Ferronière" pictures. A careful inspection of the Louvre picture, and of the picture of Fig. 2, will reveal the point that in each case

[Continued opposite.



3. THE HAHN "LA BELLE FERRONIERE": THE MAGNIFICENT PICTURE IN THE COLLECTION OF MME. ANDRÉE HAHN.

[Continued.]

the right-hand corner of the low-cut yoke forms a sharp angle; whereas in the Hahn picture (Fig. 3) the corner of the yoke is rounded. Moreover, the embroidery on the band forming the yoke differs in each of the three pictures. The placing of the black-and-white beads in the necklace shown in Figures 1 and 2 pictures is not exactly the same as the placing of the beads in Mme. Hahn's picture. Further, the parapet seen at the base of the Hahn picture is much shallower than the parapet seen in the two other versions. Again, the character of the face varies to a decided extent in each picture, the features in the Hahn and Louvre versions showing a refinement which is absent in the picture we number Fig. 2.

THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.

CONCERNING ANTENNÆ.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Courtship of Animals," "Random Gleanings from Nature's Fields," etc.

I HAVE just been given a most curious and interesting crustacean, the "flat lobster" (*Scyllarus latus*), a near relation to our rarer native species (*S. arctus*). It is a very long while since I had the good fortune to examine one of these creatures "in the flesh," and the more I pondered over it the more remarkable it seemed to become. But what impressed me most was the singular form of the antennæ, which brought vividly to mind the curious changes of form and function which these organs present in the crustacea and among the insects, and their parallels in other groups of animals. To survey these adequately would require more space than I am allowed here for a single essay. But I may well give one or two samples.

It should be borne in mind, in considering this theme, that antennæ are primarily organs of touch, but, by virtue of that plasticity characteristic of all organs, of whatsoever kind, they are capable of responding to persistent stimuli, sometimes of one kind, sometimes of another. This response, however, is always to be regarded as an indication that the original function of the changed organ had ceased to be an insistent one, otherwise no change could take place.

But let me return to the subject of antennæ. These are seen, perhaps, at their best in that great group, the "Arthropoda"—the crustaceans, beetles, butterflies and moths, and other insects. But they have their counterparts in other animals, as I propose to show, if not on this occasion. In each of these

however, in this matter of antennæ, fades into insignificance when we compare them with those of the flat lobster. For here not only are the joints greatly reduced in number, but those which remain have become transformed—as will be seen in the adjoining photograph—into curious, spade-shaped



1. ANTENNÆ THAT BEAR A DELICATE "BRUSH" OF HAIRS, PROBABLY PERFORMING OLFACTORY FUNCTIONS: *ARISTOBIA APPROXIMATA*—A BEETLE FROM COCHIN CHINA.

plates, with full, round edges. In our own nearly-allied species (*S. arctus*), these edges are beset by saw-like teeth.

All that I can discover about the mode of life of the flat lobsters is that they live in crannies of rocks, where they await their prey. These strange antennæ are said to serve as weapons of defence. This may well be, for they would prove very effective if they practically filled up the entrance to the cranny. Of the nature of their food, we know little; but it is to be noted that none of the claws bears nippers, whereas in many crustacea these "nippers" are not confined to the "big claws," but may be borne by other pairs of feet.

In many of the lowly types of crustacea, and in larval forms of more advanced types, the antennæ assume other functions, though they may retain still a tactile sense. In the water flea of our ponds and ditches these antennæ are forked, very large, and bear numerous bristles. They serve the purpose of legs, inasmuch as they are used for swimming. In some, as in the "ostracoda"—tiny crustacea found in our ponds, allied to water fleas—they are used as legs for walking. In the "fairy shrimp" they are, in the male, used as grasping organs, serving to seize and hold the female. Finally, in that curious deep-sea isopod, *Arcturus baffini*, discovered during the great Challenger Expedition, they are immensely enlarged and thickened, having taken on the function of carrying the young. But in this case, it is the antennæ of the female, instead of the male, which have been transformed.

And now let me turn to antennæ in the insects. Though here we do not find so wide a diversity in function to be found among the crustaceans, they are yet by no means merely organs of touch, for there are some species wherein they form organs of scent of most astonishing delicacy, and in at least one instance they serve, in the males, for seizing the female. But whether, in assuming olfactory functions, they have reduced, or even lost, the sense of touch, I am unable to say. But the sense of touch in the insects is not confined to the antennæ; and in some cases, where they have become the channels of another sense, and supremely efficient channels at that, the tactile functions are probably quite sufficiently performed by the ordinary body-hairs, and other "sensillæ," which probably gain increased tactile powers in proportion as the antennæ fail in this regard. In some beetles the antennæ are enormously long, as, for example, in a species of *Xenocerus*, found on fallen tree-trunks—in Batchian, one of the Moluccas, where, in the male, they are four times the length of the body.

In the lamellicorn beetles, as in our own cockchafer, the antennæ are surmounted by a number of closely-set, leaf-like plates serving as olfactory organs. As many as 39,000 "olfactory pits" have been found distributed over these plates. In some of the moths the antennæ of the males are transformed into great feather-like plumes, which possess surprising olfactory powers. The vapourer will fly with unerring precision to a box enclosing a female. More than this, males will fly to the empty box if this be left exposed after it has contained a female. Here, then, we have the secret of the choice of food-plant displayed by the females when laying their eggs. They recognise the plant not by sight, but by smell. And this same sense must guide the caterpillars of the silver-washed fritillary. For they are hatched from eggs deposited on the bark of pine or oak trees, forty feet from the ground. The young, on awakening from their winter sleep, make their way down, and hunt about till they find a patch of dog-violets on which they feed. The sensitiveness of these organs of scent is marvellous. For the odour diffused by the female vapourer moth is quite imperceptible to human nostrils, yet the males find their mates though separated by considerable distances.

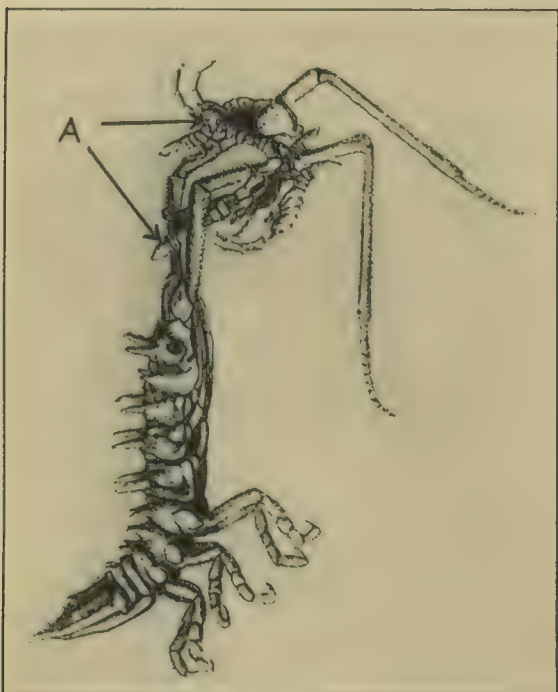
A very curious form of antennæ is that of the beetle *Aristobia approximata* from Cochin China, shown in Fig. 1, which is encircled halfway up by a tuft of silky black hairs. What function they serve I cannot say, but I suspect they are olfactory "sensillæ."

Finally, to illustrate an experiment in the olfactory functions of the antennæ, let me cite a story related to me by my old chief, the late Sir Ray Lankester. He was at the Pasteur Institute, Paris, with Professor Metchnikoff. The Professor was making experiments in regard to the transmission of disease by the louse, and wanted to show him how these loathsome creatures found their victims. They placed a specimen on a big glass plate on a table, and then stood on the opposite side. The hungry insect paused for a moment, turned round, waving its antennæ, then came tearing towards them. As it arrived, panting, they slipped round to the opposite side and the same movements were repeated!



3. ANTENNÆ (A) WHICH, IT IS SAID, ARE USED FOR DEFENCE: A MEDITERRANEAN FLAT LOBSTER (*SCYLLARUS LATUS*), WITH ITS ANTENNÆ TRANSFORMED FROM LONG, JOINTED, TAPERING RODS TO A PAIR OF BROAD FLAT PLATES.

Of the nature of this flat lobster's food little is known, but it is notable, in view of the suggestion that its antennæ are a means of defence, that none of its claws bears nippers; whereas many crustacea carry not only "big claws," but nippers on other pairs of feet as well.



2. ANTENNÆ THAT SERVE AS "CRADLES"!—*ARCTURUS BAFFINI*, A DEEP-SEA ISPOD, WITH ITS YOUNG (A) CLINGING TO HORIZONTAL SEGMENTS OF THE ANTENNÆ.

This species, living in deep Arctic seas, has suffered special adjustments made with the object of caring for its young. The isopoda, a group of Crustacea with no name in common speech, are related to the humble "wood-louse" of our gardens.

groups, however, it is to be noted they present what one is almost tempted to regard as "vagaries" of form: though this is not really true. Each departure from the type—a pair of long, thread-like "feelers," borne on the head—bears witness to responses to changed needs, brought about perhaps by a changed environment, perhaps by a change of food.

Let us take the antennæ of the flat lobster as a case in point. In the prawn and the common lobster, it will be remembered, the antennæ may be described as like a pair of long, tapering, flexible rods. But in this matter of length they are far exceeded in proportion to the size of the body, in the great spiny lobster or sea-crawfish (*Palinurus vulgaris*), the lobster with no "big claws." No one has yet discovered—perhaps because no one has tried to discover—whether there is any relationship between this lack of "big claws" and excessively long antennæ. We must also know something as to the haunts of the two types—lobster and crawfish—and the nature of their food. The differences between these two types,

BIG GAME FROM THE AIR: WILDEBEEST REACTING TO 'PLANES.



WILDEBEEST SCARED BY APPROACHING AIRCRAFT: A DASH FOR SAFETY WHICH ENDED IN A DECISION THAT THERE WAS NOTHING TO FEAR AND A RETURN TO GRAZING.



WILDEBEEST "CHASING THEIR SHADOWS" WHEN FLEEING FROM THE AIRCRAFT: SWIFT MOVEMENT BY CURIOUS CREATURES WHICH HAVE THE HEAD OF AN OX, THE BODY OF A HORSE, AND THE LIMBS OF AN ANTELOPE!

These photographs, like those on the two following pages, were taken from aeroplanes of the Gonthard Expedition, which was engaged in making a super-film picture entitled "Strange Birds Over Africa," and they form a very interesting supplement to the kindred photographs published in our issue of June 20. Concerning the upper snapshot here reproduced, Herr Ernst Udet, the famous German "ace," who flew for the expedition, notes: "The wildebeest were in a fearful hurry and thought that they could move quicker than we could! Their excitement did not last long. After we had flown over they took no further

notice and grazed peacefully." To which it may be added, perhaps, that the wildebeest (or gnu) is by no means the least curious creature to be found among African fauna; for it has the head of an ox, the body of a horse, and the limbs of an antelope. The Brindled Gnu of East Africa is about four feet in height and about seven and a-half feet long. Its horns vary from fifteen to twenty-five inches along the curve (record: 31 inches), spread up to twenty-six inches, and have a basal girth up to thirteen inches. It can run as rapidly as a good horse, cannot be hunted down by dogs, and is a great wanderer.

BIG GAME FROM THE AIR: THE CALM RHINOCEROS AND A LION THAT DAMAGED AN AEROPLANE IN FLIGHT.



ONE OF THE "STRANGE BIRDS" FLYING OVER AFRICA MEETING A RHINOCEROS ON THE GROUND BELOW: THE PHOTOGRAPHER'S QUARRY UNPERTURBED BY THE AIRCRAFT AND, THE PILOT HAS IT, RAISING HIS TAIL IN CONTEMPT!

THE remarkable photographs reproduced here and on the preceding page were taken by the Gonthard Expedition. Herr Ernst Udet, the famous German "Ace" who did some astounding "stunt" flying for the film "The White Hell of Pitz Palu," and also played a considerable part in the making of "Storm Over Mont Blanc" (later renamed "Avalanche"), devoted some five very busy months to flying over the Tanganyika-Kenya-Uganda-Sudan area, in order that moving pictures of wild beasts as seen from the air might be made for a very elaborate production which is to be called "Strange Birds Over Africa." The party used three aeroplanes: one of these was wrecked in a crash; another was damaged by a storm; the third, an English Genet Moth, which had proved itself most reliable, was used by Herr Udet not only

during these particular adventures, but for his flight to Europe when his work was done. Concerning the subjects reproduced above, it may be noted that Herr Udet remarks that the rhinoceros showed no fear of aircraft. In fact, its tendency was to run in their direction, as though to attack. The aeroplane which was damaged by a lion was being flown at the time by Udet's companion, Herr von Suchocki, who was piloting a second aeroplane. Describing the incident, Herr von Suchocki said: "When lions see an aeroplane flying low and over them, they lash their tails and may go flat upon the ground, watching the strange bird. It happened to me once that an angry lion actually sprang at my machine. He struck the wing with both his paws, and damaged it badly, although I succeeded in rising and flying away."



A LION ON THE SERENGETI PLAIN: A KING OF BEASTS WHO CONDESCENDED TO MOVE ONLY AFTER AIRCRAFT HAD FLOWN OVER HIM THREE AND THEN MERELY STROLLED FOR A FEW YARDS—ON THE RIGHT, PART OF THE AEROPLANE'S WING.



A FEMALE RHINOCEROS COMES INTO VIEW: "SHE HAD NOT THE CALM DIGNITY OF HER MATE," WHO REFUSED TO BE WORRIED BY THE APPARITIONS OVERHEAD.



UNAFRAID AND, SEEMINGLY, READY TO SHOW FIGHT: A RHINOCEROS MOVING IN THE DIRECTION OF THE AEROPLANE, AS THOUGH BENT UPON ATTACKING IT.



LIONS ON THE SERENGETI PLAIN: THE GREAT BEASTS, ANNOYED BY THE WHIRRING OF AN AEROPLANE'S PROPELLER, LASHING THEIR TAILS TO AND FRO IN ANGER.



A LION MOVING TO ATTACK A LOW-FLYING AEROPLANE: THE FURIOUS BEAST WHICH SPRANG UP TO CLAW THE WING OF ONE OF THE MACHINES.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

BOOK-COLLECTING

has in these days become something more than a hobby or a mania; it seems to be a recognised industry; an established branch of commerce. Personally, I have never understood the state of mind that can regard a book merely as a rarity or a curiosity, and be so indifferent to its contents as to prefer to keep a copy with uncut pages. I enjoy as much as anyone the fascination of the secondhand bookshop, and the excitement of finding a treasure in the fourpenny box. I have had some little adventures of that sort, both in ancient Holywell Street of blessed memory (since obliterated by the splendours of Aldwych and Kingsway), as well as in other odd corners at later intervals, but I should hate to make a business of these jaunts into the kingdom of romance.

Nevertheless, between the dilettante and the sordid speculator there is a third type of book-collector, who derives a worthy satisfaction from gauging the quality and forecasting the future fame of living writers, and stocking his shelves with first editions of their works, with a view to forming a representative library, whether as a delightful possession or a safe investment, or possibly both. To do this well, obviously, requires wide reading, good taste, and sound judgment, besides expert bibliographical knowledge. It is this kind of collector, in particular, who will appreciate a little volume called "MODERN FIRST EDITIONS: POINTS AND VALUES," (Second Series). By Gilbert H. Fabes and William A. Foyle. Edition limited to 1000 copies (Foyle; 15s.). Here are given tabulated details of one or more books by about eighty modern authors, with the approximate present values of the first and later issues. Most of the writers represented are still alive, but the list also includes the names of Stevenson, Hardy, Meredith, Arnold Bennett, D. H. Lawrence, and W. J. Locke. The authors are careful to point out that the estimated values are subject to fluctuation.

Both collaborators contribute some notable remarks on the theory and practice of book-collecting. To the objection that such a volume as this gives away trade secrets, Mr. Foyle replies: "After all, connoisseurs of most of the other branches of collecting are thoroughly well catered for, and hundreds of books have been written dealing with the values and points of pictures, pottery, etchings, engravings, glass, silver, foreign stamps, and so on." As a bookseller, he definitely favours the policy of thus assisting the collector. Mr. Fabes, in meeting another criticism brought against his previous volume, points out that he had therein already disarmed it, and adds: "Presumably, reviewers do not read prefaces!" I have sometimes heard it suggested, on the other hand, that they read nothing else.

Discussing current conditions, Mr. Fabes continues: "The modern first edition market has undergone a decided change during the past two years, and prices have fallen considerably. . . . The passing of the year 1930 saw the end of the greatest decade in the history of book-collecting." He mentions many authors, however, whose "stock" is likely to rise, and emphasises the need of foresight, faith, and discrimination, regardless of ephemeral "boosts" that lure the herd. "Book-collecting," he declares, "is a great and noble game." Still, it has its trivialities.

The true book-lover, I take it, is one who loves books for themselves, as vehicles of thought and beauty, treasuring particular editions either for their personal or historical associations, or as works of art in printing, binding, and illustration. To such a collector, their monetary value is a matter of secondary importance. An ideal bookman of this class was the late Dr. Richard Garnett, of British Museum fame, from whom, like hundreds of other bookish persons, I also received kindly encouragement in former days. That his genial spirit towards books and human beings has descended to his son is manifest in "SOME BOOK-HUNTING ADVENTURES," A Diversion. By R. S. Garnett. With coloured Frontispiece (Blackwood; 7s. 6d.). In these delightful pages (reprinted, by the way, from "Maga") is expressed a love of books that is not divorced from human interest, while the author's attitude to the

financial side of the matter often takes the form of disinterested advice to poor book-owners, or ignorant second-hand dealers, and putting them wise to the real worth of their possessions.

Mr. Garnett's book possesses strong individuality; I do not remember anything quite like it. Perhaps he is the pioneer of a new literary form—the literary *causerie* blended with personal reminiscence, or autobiography presented in short stories. He has given us here a score and more of such recollections—mostly humorous, some pathetic, and all entertaining—each with its separate scene and incidents strung on a slender thread of plot. Although the title is justified by a book-hunting element in every "adventure," the human side is always paramount, whether the characters be humble folk or celebrities.

In the latter category the gem of the collection is undoubtedly "A Poet in Lincoln's Inn," a delicious encounter with Theodore Watts (alias Watts-Dunton), as an incredibly dilatory solicitor, with intimate glimpses of Swinburne in the Putney *ménage*, and of Ford Madox Brown, the painter. Equally good, in the light, ironic vein, is the author's youthful memory of an ebullient Byronic poet, nicknamed in the family "Rowley-Powley," whose identity is an intriguing puzzle, which, for my part, I cannot guess. The story called "The Bonfire" is a warning to collectors

You can see at once that

Parson Woodforde casts his old spell, and that in this volume of the Diary you will be 'listening-in' to Weston Parsonage, just as you have listened to Ansford, and to Oxford, to Castle Cary, and Bath, and London, and Norwich, and back again to Weston any time these forty-four odd years from 1758 to 1802." Parson Woodforde, needless to say, did not see himself as a broadcaster. Could he have done so, he might have alluded more sparingly to roast beef. It alters a man's outlook to feel that he is addressing fifteen million people at once, as did the author of "PEOPLE AND THINGS." Wireless Talks by Harold Nicolson (Constable; 5s.).

This little book certainly represents a new literary form, or one at least as new as radio. Like the parson's diary, the "talks" revive a vanished period, for with us the year 1930 is already ancient history. Thus a few of the subjects, such as the Royal Academy, the Persian Exhibition, or the Lord Mayor's Show, are inevitably dated, but others are of more abiding appeal, and Mr. Nicolson's wit and humour remain a permanent joy. Listen to him on "The Simple Life," and you will feel a change of air from that of Weston Longeville, in the county of Norfolk, in the year 1797. One of the most interesting talks is the last, in which the author explains his reasons for abandoning the microphone.

Another book called into being by modern conditions—this time social rather than scientific—is "WOMEN AND POLITICS." By the Duchess of Atholl. With Portrait (Philip Allan; 6s.). This admirable work explains to the woman voter our system of government and social institutions, points out how women can help towards betterment, discusses various controversial matters, such as private ownership and marriage reform, and provides arguments to counteract the specious propaganda of Communism. While written, of course, from the Conservative point of view, it gives the other side a fair hearing, and is free from acrimony. Every woman ought to read it, but I rather fear that only those are likely to do so who already accept its conclusions. It would have a better chance of reaching the many for whom it is intended in a cheaper style, with illustrations.



ARMED CRIME IN THE UNITED STATES: AN "ARSENAL"—INCLUDING MACHINE-GUNS AND HUNDREDS OF RIFLES, AUTOMATIC PISTOLS, REVOLVERS, AND SAWN-OFF SHOTGUNS—CAPTURED BY THE NEW YORK POLICE DURING A YEAR'S ACTIVITIES AGAINST "GANGSTERS," ILLEGAL TRAFFICKERS, AND THE FORCES OF DISORDER IN GENERAL.

whom *not* to marry; as also is the devastating tragedy of a precious book told in "La Reine Margot's." Copy of the 'Décaméron' of Boccaccio." Strangest and most touching of the more self-revealing episodes is "The History of a Collaboration," while, of course, readers acquainted with the author will not be surprised at a dramatic irruption of Dumas *père*, on whom Mr. Garnett is our leading authority. Yes, certainly his book-hunting adventures are "worth while," and I hereby ask for more.

The hunting of printed books has its counterpart in the hunting of unpublished manuscripts, a distinct field of adventure that occasionally offers rare sport and some big game. This brings me to the final instalment of a work which someone has called "the greatest literary discovery of our time," namely, "THE DIARY OF A COUNTRY PARSON: THE REVEREND JAMES WOODFORDE." Vol. V. 1797-1802. Edited by John Beresford. With six illustrations (Oxford University Press and Humphrey Milford; 12s. 6d.). As everybody knows from the previous volumes, the claim to "greatness" does not rest on any startling disclosures, or on literary quality (style and subject-matter are of the homeliest), but on the fact that the diary preserves so faithful and detailed a record of English country life in the eighteenth century. The good parson was an amiable man, and there is little here about "petty spites of the village spire," but a great deal about village charity. The Rev. James was fond of his victuals, and never omits the daily menu at his own table. He chronicles the joint and the vegetables, as well as the "small beer" of local happenings. The very last entry, written a few weeks before his death, ends with the words: "Dinner to-day, Rost Beef &c." It is typical of a large proportion of the book's contents.

Bidding farewell to the man whose memory he has so "richly shrined," Mr. John Beresford writes: "Reader!

One profession in which women have advanced to distinction and power, without the aid of votes, is that of the stage. The progress of woman in the European theatre, from classical times to the mid-nineteenth century, is outlined in an interesting historical study called "ENTER THE ACTRESS." The First Women in the Theatre. By Rosamond Gilder. Illustrated (Harrap; 15s.). The author breaks much new, or at any rate little-titled, ground, as in her account of the first woman playwright—Hrotsvitha, a nun of the tenth century. The thirty-four plates are well chosen from contemporary sources at different periods.

With this last book may be appropriately bracketed the well-written reminiscences of a modern actress—"AFTER TEN YEARS." By Constance Malletson (Colette O'Neill). With Portrait Frontispiece (Cape; 7s. 6d.). Mingled with her theatrical career, the author has had a medley of experiences, due to a blend of aristocratic descent with intellectual rebellion. They include a pre-war acquaintance with the Kaiser, Socialistic and Pacifist enthusiasms (for the ideas of Edward Carpenter, Earl Russell, the No-Conscription Fellowship, and so on), marriage and divorce (without malice), and a post-war journey to South Africa, with the entrée to Government House as a guest of Lord Athlone. The spirit of the book is intense, provocative, and unconventional. It is all vaguely disturbing, but remarkable as an expression of the modern feminine mind. The allusions to Earl Russell may be contrasted with the Duchess of Atholl's criticism of his opinions. Colette O'Neill's book has a peculiar interest for me, because, some years ago, I happened to be the next tenant of a certain "attic" in Bloomsbury mentioned as one of her former abodes.

C. E. B.

TREASURES OF CAMIRUS: "FINDS" THAT INCLUDE A SPLENDID STELE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY COURTESY OF DR. GIULIO JACOPI, SUPERINTENDENT OF MONUMENTS AND EXCAVATIONS IN THE ITALIAN ISLANDS OF THE ÆGEAN.



POTTERY FOUND IN TOMBS OF THE ANCIENT NECROPOLIS OF CAMIRUS: VASES, STATUETTES, AND DISHES WHICH FORMED PART OF THE FURNITURE OF GRAVES DATING FROM THE SEVENTH TO THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.

THE necropolis of Camirus, rich in the tombs of that Dorian settlement in Rhodes which shared with Lindus and Ialysus the distinction of mention by Homer and was a unit of the "League of Six Cities," is being most thoroughly excavated by Dr. Giulio Jacopi, Superintendent of Monuments and Excavations in the Italian Islands of the Ægean. Working systematically, he has achieved notable and somewhat unexpected results during the last few months, and his efforts have culminated at the moment in the discovery of the stele of Crito and Timarista—here illustrated—which he regards as of Phideian inspiration and as dating from about the middle of the fifth century B.C., adding that it is one of the most beautiful of the Greek marbles brought to light during the last twenty years. In all, some four hundred intact graves have been found, and it would seem that there are still more to be uncovered. Among the treasures collected are magnificent specimens of the local pottery, including *pithoi* (earthenware wine-jars), about two metres high, of the type in which Ergias, the historian, was buried. And it must be chronicled that so excellent has been the yield as a whole that three new halls in the Archæological Museum of the Hospital of the Knights of Rhodes have been filled with selected "finds" which add considerably to the knowledge of the funeral rites of the period they represent—from the seventh to the fifth century B.C.



THE STELE OF CRITO AND TIMARISTA: A WORK IN MARBLE WHICH IS REGARDED AS OF PHIDEIAN INSPIRATION AND DATES FROM ABOUT THE MIDDLE OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.



A STONE SARCOPHAGUS OPENED IN THE ANCIENT NECROPOLIS OF CAMIRUS: THE DEEP GRAVE; WITH POTTERY VASES, STATUETTES, AND DISHES WHICH FORMED PART OF THE FUNERARY FURNITURE AND DATE FROM THE SIXTH CENTURY B.C.



A VESSEL WHICH CONTAINED THE BODY OF AN ADULT: A GREAT POTTERY VASE WITH IMPRESSED DECORATION WHICH WAS USED AS A SARCOPHAGUS IN THE NECROPOLIS OF CAMIRUS. (ABOUT TWO METRES—ABOUT 6 FT. 2 IN.—HIGH.)

A PAGE FOR COLLECTORS. ENGLISH BEDS.

By FRANK DAVIS.

carved bed made for him by the local carpenter—and by this time pretty well every farmer

went back to an earlier fashion, covering a beech-wood frame with the same stuffs as the curtains. The whole bed was much higher, in many cases reaching up to the ceiling of the loftiest room. It must be admitted that a bed of this character is wonderfully imposing. No doubt more than one reader of this page will remember seeing for the first time that great bed at Hampton Court in which William III. slept. It is hung with crimson velvet trimmed with silver galon, and above the four corners are vase-shaped finials holding ostrich plumes seventeen feet above the floor. A State bed of similar proportions, made for Queen Anne in 1714, and hung with Spitalfields velvet in gold, claret, and green on a cream-coloured ground, is in another room. Most people gasp a little when they come unexpectedly upon this magnificence, and murmur something about dust-traps; but, however hygienic one's prejudices may be, one cannot avoid a sneaking admiration for a generation which thought a bed was an enormously important piece of furniture. A more modest type, and much nearer the bed in ordinary use, is the small one hung with damask at Hampton Court that is said to have been used by George II.

By this time, hangings were made as often as not of chintz, and the whole structure becomes much lighter, but where there was money to spend designers were sometimes guilty of the most desperate errors of taste. Chippendale perpetrated his most tortuous extravagances on bedsteads, and even the classically-minded and sober Robert Adam has left at Osterley a nightmare of a bed crowned by a cupola, and at Kedleston a desperately elaborate erection, the posts and cornice of which are imitations of palm trees. Far more typical of late eighteenth-century taste, and far more pleasing, is the bedstead of about 1790, with its painted posts and cornice and head-board (Fig. 3). Very typical also and graceful is the Chippendale style four-poster with its openwork rococo cornice of Fig. 2—made somewhere about 1760. A horrid and necessary reminder of the dangers inseparable from the more elaborate beds, especially when the hangings were glued down on to the framework, is afforded by various recipes in such papers as the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The destruction of vermin occupied no small part of the time of good eighteenth-century housekeepers.



OUR present-day notions of hygiene make us look with mingled horror and admiration at the strange habits of our ancestors: horror at their persistent disregard of the most elementary rules of health, and admiration at their extreme toughness under conditions which would make our own open-air people fade away in a week. Among the minor contributory causes to their very modest expectation of life was no doubt their fanatic fear of the night air; the poor man shut his windows tight; the rich man also drew close the thick curtains round his bed, and was thus, as it were, doubly benighted.

One can trace the development of the mediæval bed in various manuscripts, and in certain primitive Italian and Flemish paintings: there are also a great many references to it in contemporary inventories. It is evident that great importance was attached to it, but that what was of real interest was not the framework, but the coverings and hangings, which were an essential part of the decoration of the room. One can say that until the end of the Middle Ages there were neither posts nor cornices nor high wooden backs. About the beginning of the sixteenth century, four posts make their appearance, then the carved head-board—and finally the carved wooden canopy. The whole method of making a bed has changed from fabric to wood. There is no clear-cut evolution, but a series of experiments, leading naturally to more and more wood and less and less fabric—that is, during the Elizabethan period—but it is noteworthy that the earliest examples that have survived have no carved wooden canopies. No doubt they were originally provided with the fabric canopy suspended from the ceiling which was the favourite device of the previous centuries.

An indication of the care lavished upon the more elaborate beds of the Elizabethan period is afforded by the detail (Fig. 1A) of one of the posts of the Great Bed of Ware, that enormous and famous piece of furniture which has recently been acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum.

While everyone who could afford it had a



1A. ELIZABETHAN: ONE OF THE TWO PILLARS AT THE FOOT OF THE GREAT BED OF WARE.



1B. JACOBEOAN: ONE OF THE TWO PILLARS AT THE FOOT OF A CARVED OAK BEDSTEAD.

The Great Bed of Ware, which has been acquired for the Victoria and Albert Museum, was illustrated in our issue of last week. It is at present on show at Messrs. Frank Partridge and Sons, 26, King Street, St. James's, where it will remain until July 31. It is of oak and a splendid specimen of Elizabethan craftsmanship.—The second post here illustrated is from a fine example of an early carved oak Jacobean bedstead which came from an ancient house in Palace Yard, Coventry, and is reputed to have been in Kenilworth Castle. The bedstead is 6 ft. 6 in. long, 4 ft. 8 in. wide, and 7 ft. 2 in. high. It is on view at Mr. Arthur Edwards's premises, the Stratford Galleries, 57-61, Wigmore Street, Cavendish Square.

could—this post, one would imagine, was beyond the resources of a village craftsman: the design strikes one as too sophisticated and the proportions too well thought-out. The average bed of a middle-class family is better represented by the well-known and typical example in Ann Hathaway's cottage. A post from a later carved and panelled bed is to be seen in Fig. 1B. Oak bedsteads were made down to the middle of the eighteenth century, but gradually became simpler, and the posts more attenuated: in the meantime, richer people



2. A VERY FINE CHIPPENDALE STYLE FOUR-POSTER: A MOST INTERESTING-PIECE MADE IN ABOUT 1760.

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3. A BEDSTEAD WITH PAINTED POSTS AND CORNICE AND HEAD-BOARD: A PIECE DATING FROM ABOUT 1790.

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FAMOUS FOR TWENTY CENTURIES: THE FORTRESS OF NETTUNO.

NO country in the world offers more treasures to lovers of antiquity than Italy. Legend and history have left their traces in the painting, sculpture,



A MODERN SALON IN AN ANCIENT FORTRESS: THE HISTORICAL CHÂTEAU OF NETTUNO IN ITALY, WHICH HAS RECENTLY BEEN TRANSFORMED INTO A LUXURIOUS CHÂTEAU BY THE BARON ALBERTO FASSINI.

and architecture to be seen in the most remote spots, unknown to the ordinary tourist. One of the most fascinating places on the eastern coast is the grim-looking château of Nettuno, an ancient fortress whose walls have withstood the opposition of centuries of fighting and the onslaught of the sea. The massive walls drop sheer to the waves, and from a tower on the battlements, constructed originally by Viban VIII., there is a magnificent view.

The origin of Nettuno is obscure. The first mention of the castle was in a letter from the Bishop of Tuscany, dated 1126. Quite recently, the name "Bacchio Pontello Fiorentino, Architetto," was found clearly inscribed on the walls, and it seems evident that this architect, who was in the employ of Cæsar Borgia, was instructed by him to fortify the château. At a later date,

Cæsar Borgia restored the fortress to the famous Colonna family, by whom it was originally owned. Beautiful statuary and decoration were then installed to placate the Pope, and many of these figures are now in the chief museums of Europe. From then onwards, Nettuno played many important parts in military and political intrigues.

Gradually, as civilisation spread, the isolation of the fortress, once a great asset, caused its abandonment, and by the middle of the nineteenth century it had become a ruin. Vegetation flourished luxuriously between the walls, and the wind and rain furthered the destruction.

It was in this state when acquired a few years ago by the Baron Alberto Fassini, a prominent member of a celebrated old Italian family, who attacked the difficult task of transforming it into a modern habitation without altering the appearance or atmosphere. Baron Fassini has achieved his object in a remarkable manner, and through him a valuable historical monument of Italian history has been preserved.

In a recess on one side of the courtyard have been collected old statues and fragments of ancient sculpture, while opposite



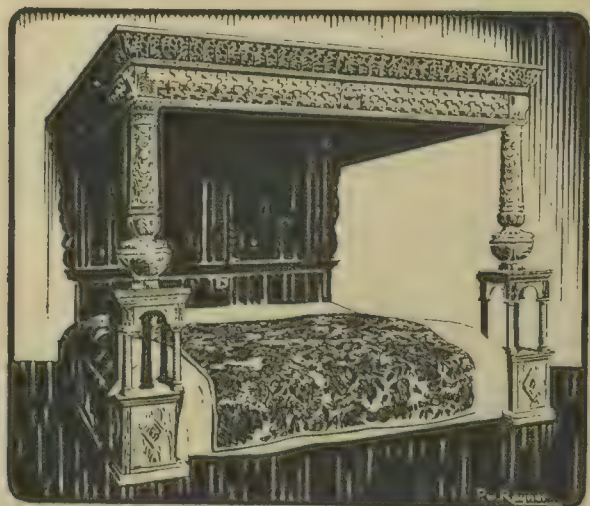
TREASURES OF ANCIENT SCULPTURE IN THE COURTYARD OF NETTUNO: A PICTURESQUE CORNER WHERE MANY INTERESTING HISTORICAL RELICS ARE GATHERED.

is an iron-grilled chapel containing a magnificent della Robbia. One wing of the castle is transformed into a huge salon and the guard-room is now a dining-room. Upstairs are bed-rooms, and the thickness of the walls has been cleverly utilised for the installation of baths, so that every comfort has been added without destroying the actual walls. In 1925, Benito Mussolini and the



LOOKING OUT TOWARDS THE ISLAND OF CIRCE: THE WALLS OF NETTUNO DROP SHEER TO THE SEA, AND IN THE DISTANCE LIES THE ISLAND ATTRIBUTED TO CIRCE THE ENCHANTRESS.

plenipotentiaries of Yugoslavia signed the Treaty of Nettuno within the walls of the transformed château, adding yet another important historical date to its long record of twenty centuries.



The Great Bed of Ware

SINCE the sixteenth century the Great Bed of Ware has frequently figured in the history and literature of England. Kings have slept between its coverings and it is adorned with what are supposedly the seals of Barons, Bishops and Knights who took an interest in this remarkable piece of furniture.

The rich and elaborate carving on its stately pillars is still fresh and beautiful, despite the wear and decay of four centuries. Old chroniclers varied in their account of how many persons the Bed would hold. Their estimates were between eight and twenty-four. Sufficient to say that it is indeed a great bed.

Until recently at Rye House, Hertfordshire, the Great Bed of Ware is now on exhibition at our London Galleries. The charge for admission is One Shilling, the proceeds being devoted to The National Art-Collections Fund the Members of which are admitted free.

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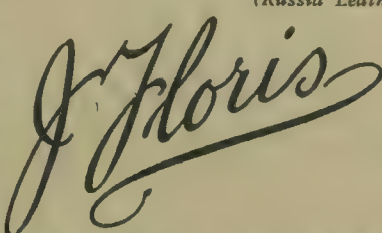
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THE PLAYHOUSES.

"THE LOVE GAME," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES.

THIS is a play that is unlikely to make much appeal, for the reason that the characterisation fails to carry conviction. The theme is real enough—a comparatively happily-married man falls in love with his typist. Such things do happen, though rather more readily on the stage than in real life. His wife, on discovering the *liaison*, accepts the situation placidly enough. After twenty years or more of married life, with two grown-up children, she is willing to give him his head, sure that he will return to her after he has kicked up his heels a bit. But it is a bitter blow when she learns that he wishes her to divorce him so he can marry his typist. Release, temporarily, her husband, yes; but let another woman step into her own home—no. This is good enough drama, but the authors let a good idea slip through their hands by poor characterisation and unnaturalness of dialogue. There is a son, aged about eighteen, who handles his parents' affairs with unlikely masterfulness. With an overflow of words, he threatens the lady typist with his severe displeasure, until she (with me, wishing more power to her elbow!) smacks his face. Then he confronts his father, with equal wordiness. Fathers, thus faced, might do many and different things, but few, I hope, would round on their son and suggest that because they caught him kissing a maid in the pantry, everything was quits between them. The best performance was given by Miss Mercia Swinburne; she at least contrived to make us believe her part was better written than the others. Miss Marie Löhr acted with a charm that made one wonder how any man could desert such a wife. Mr. Edward Robson was good in the neatly-sketched character of a naturally talkative young man, dumb in the presence of his elders.

"NINA ROSA," AT THE LYCEUM.

"Rita Rose," "Nina Rosa," Mexico or Peru, the name or place makes little difference to a romantic musical comedy. There will always be the villain in a sombrero, cracking a whip and making unrequited love to the heroine. Mr. Robert Chisholm, happily, brings a touch of originality to his part by being able both to act and sing. His was as vigorous and as colourful a performance as anyone could wish to see. Mr. Geoffrey Gwyther, as the English hero,

seemed quite lethargic by his side. Mr. Gwyther's singing was good enough for his songs, but his acting left us very doubtful that so Spanish-looking a lady as Miss Ethelind Terry would prefer his mild protestations of affection to the passionate love of Mr. Chisholm's villain. Mr. Chisholm has two of the most rousing numbers in the play—"Serenade of Love," which brought the curtain down on the first scene to thunders of applause, and "Gaucho March," which was the finale to the first act. Some compression and speeding-up will improve this act, but the second was admirable in every way. A new comedian, Mr. Freddie Forbes, for instance, contributed as amusing a twenty-minute scene at the beginning of the act as one could wish for. Material not very good, but delivery excellent. Mr. Edward Royce junior (son of the old-time Gaiety comedian) staged some excellent effects, and there were some picturesque costumes. A speciality dance by Cortez and Peggy was as blood-curdling as the poetry of motion has to be these days to attract attention. With a huge whip, he thrashed her round the stage as if she were a top, so that every moment one expected the skin, if not the flesh, to be torn from her. Rather horrible, but effective in its way.

"THE FOUNTAIN OF YOUTH," AT THE LYRIC, HAMMERSMITH.

This comic opera in two acts by W. Graham Robertson (author of the twenty-three-year-old "Pinkie and the Fairies") and Alfred Reynolds proves that Gilbert and Sullivan have left artistic descendants. It is the merriest entertainment possible; tuneful, witty, and perfectly staged by Sir Nigel Playfair. There is humour in every line of the dialogue and lyrics. An elderly couple, drinking of the re-flowing waters of a long-dried spring, regain their youth; facing the world shamefacedly, aware of looking younger than their own daughter. The elixir of youth is duly exploited, the old homestead turned into a hydro, and the village maidens impressed into service as cabaret dancers. Mr. Scott Russell, as a pessimistic sexton, mourning the loss of burial fees on account of the perpetual youth of the inhabitants, has a gorgeously funnery part. Miss Nellie Briercliffe is equally attractive, whether at sixty or sixteen. Altogether a show that deserves to make a very big success, and one that Sir Nigel Playfair should bring immediately to a more central theatre—the Savoy, for choice.

THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

(Continued from page 96.)

In how far the discovery of an amazingly talented boy-actor, Jackie Cooper, influenced the resuscitation of "The Kid" legend by the Fox Film Company, it is difficult to say. In any case, "Donovan's Kid" is a worthy champion of sentiment's cause and distinctly refreshing in its honest emotionalism. It is a lineal descendant of the Chaplin picture, though Jackie Cooper's talent has advanced far beyond the wide-eyed, childish solemnity that was Jackie Coogan's chief asset in those early days. But the essential ingredients are there. A crook protects a small waif of the underworld, left to him by a victim of a rival gang. For the boy's sake, he decides to reform. He "runs straight," though his "little brother" is taken from him by the Children's Welfare Society and the crook himself is nearly done to death in triumphantly redeeming his hitherto questionable character. Sheer sentiment, yet handled by the director, Fred Niblo, with such discretion, wit, and pace that it neither clashes with its up-to-date background of gangster warfare, nor clogs the wheels of suspense with cloying sentimentality.

Mr. Niblo could not have been better served in his portrayal of Donovan and his "kid" than by Richard Dix and Jackie Cooper. To Mr. Dix falls the harder task of depicting the reaction of a "hard-boiled" thief to the devotion and the hero-worship of a child. With a clever indication of his own diffidence under the suspicion of sentiment or at any manifestation of affection, Mr. Dix, with his virile personality, his fine capacity for keeping quiet, and his ever-present sense of humour, sets his audience at ease even when he lurks outside a church to listen to his "little brother" singing in the choir, or watches the youngster at his prayers. As for Jackie Cooper, he is a born comedian with his comical tip-tilted nose and sensitive mouth. His emotional command is amazing in a boy of his years, and there is in his work none of the precociousness of the juvenile "star." Together, these two steer sentiment safely through the rapids. Only at the extreme end does the picture falter in the effort to secure a happy finale, and here the interference of words weakens its poignancy. But, on the whole, "Donovan's Kid" has such charm as to open the flood-gates once more to sentiment. It is to be hoped that it comes through in measured quantities and not in spate, for in the affairs of the kinema the flood does not "lead on to greatness."

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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By H. THORNTON RUTTER.

AN enthusiastic contributor to a leading English motoring journal hopes that pressure will be put on the authorities concerned to allow a road race in Richmond Park. The idea which gave rise to this startling request was the financial success of the French Grand Prix—with bad organisation, in this critic's view—compared with the financial loss sustained by the guarantors of the £12,000 to the Royal Irish Automobile Club for the Irish Grand Prix at Dublin. Everybody who visited Dublin for the motor-race in Phoenix Park this year declared that no race had been better organised. There was no difficulty in getting to or from the course; during the races full information was broadcast by loud-speakers; and no incident occurred without all the spectators, in whatever part of the circuit they were viewing the race, being informed as quickly as it happened. Further, every competitor paid compliments to the excellent state of the roads which were raced upon, even when the rain fell heavily. Yet, notwithstanding all these advantages, and with quite notable cars and drivers competing, the management lost about £3000, instead of making the gate pay the expenses.

Now, at the French Grand Prix, held at Montlhéry, the crush to get to the course on the main route was very bad, as there was no "one-way" route either going to or returning from the race, as in former years. The contest occupied ten hours, yet the restaurants open to spectators were a long way from the enclosures, and little information was disseminated during the running of the race beyond that conveyed by the lap-scoring board. Yet the Automobile Club de France had a wonderfully successful meeting, with a gate of 1,350,000 francs and a profit of half a million francs, or £4000 in our money. Dublin lost and Paris profited! Why?

According to the suggestor of Richmond Park as a motor-drome, it was the big-money prizes which induced the best racing-drivers to compete in Paris, and a large paying crowd came to see them on the closed course at Montlhéry. Yet thousands obtained free admission owing to the late arrival of the gatekeepers, so even more profit might have been reaped. But, while motorists would dearly like to see a road-race in Richmond Park, it is only the R.A.C. who could run it, and to whom permission might be given to charge admission to see the race, provided any profits

were given to the hospitals. We Britishers are not so enthusiastic on motor-racing as they are on the Continent. The Tourist Trophy race in Ulster pays expenses because the 2000 stand tickets are usually sold, although the price is very high, for which the R.A.C. make apologies, but they cannot afford to charge any less. I may be mistaken, but I doubt whether a motor-race in Richmond Park would pay expenses, because society as a whole would not consider it a function like Ascot, Henley, Richmond Horse Show, and the like, which always attract large attendances.

Belfast Motor Week Rally.

The only time when Brooklands became a real society meeting-spot was in its very early days; then the novelty wore off, and only enthusiastic motorists fill its paddock up to the present day. Here every convenience is available, but I have yet to see 300,000 people paying to witness motor-racing in England. Quite that number get a free view of the T.T. race at Belfast, so of course that crowd is our British record. Substantial money prizes are being given in the Rally which has been planned to precede the T.T. week in Ulster. It is to be a great motor week for Belfast, as there will be a hill-climbing contest up Craigantlet, a Concours d'Élégance competition, and the usual practising of the racing cars for the T.T. itself in the mornings, which attracts many to the Ards Circuit. I can also add that there is little likelihood of the R.A.C. forsaking Belfast for the Isle of Man for next year's T.T. car-race. In the first place, the crowd of sightseers would be less, and so the Society of Motor Manufacturers and Traders, whose voice carries the day in these matters, would object that they did not obtain as great an advertising value in an Isle of Man race as in one at Belfast.

We are asked to state that the model of *H.M.S. Victory*, which will be a feature of the Portsmouth Navy Week (Aug. 1—8), has no power beyond her sails. She was constructed with a Service sailing launch as a foundation; not a steam launch.

Holidays are completely spoiled unless one is feeling perfectly fit and ready for any activity. A daily dose of Dinneford's Pure Fluid Magnesia is an invaluable holiday companion, for it keeps the functions of the body in healthy activity, and consequently acts as an antiseptic against illness and tiredness. Taken night and morning with a little lemon and water, it makes a delightfully cooling drink.

IDA RUBINSTEIN'S BALLETS AT COVENT GARDEN.

THE versatility and vitality of Mme. Rubinstein are remarkable. To perform a miming and speaking rôle in a play by d'Annunzio, then to be *prima ballerina* in three ballets nightly for three evenings, and finally to play the title-rôle in Alexandre Dumas' nineteenth-century classic, "La Dame aux Camélias," on the fifth night, is a heavy week's work for one person. It is arguable that, in common with most gifted and exceptionally versatile people, Mme. Rubinstein does not absolutely excel in any one of the spheres in which she presents herself; except, perhaps, that one would find it difficult to imagine a better performance than hers as Sebastien in the d'Annunzio mystery play—a rôle which suits her graceful and beautiful figure, her power of dignified posing and miming, and her more than ordinary ability as a dancer.

All three of the ballets presented on the second night of her Covent Garden season were new to London. "La Princesse Cygne," with music arranged from Rimsky-Korsakov's "Tsar Saltan," is not, it is true, an absolutely new ballet. It belongs to the older style of pre-war Russian ballet, but it is an exceedingly good ballet of its type, and the setting by Benois is extremely attractive. As the Princess, Mme. Rubinstein looked enchanting, and danced with extraordinary grace, her use of her arms and hands being quite exceptionally beautiful. In fact, "La Princesse Cygne" is one of the most attractive ballets of its type that I know of, and the company, including M. Anatole Wiltzak, the principal male dancer, was well disciplined.

The new ballet, "David," scenario by André Doderet, choreography by Massine, and music by Henri Sauguet, was rather disappointing. The scenery and costumes by Benois were effective, but the rôle of David did not seem to suit Mme. Rubinstein, whose postures were somewhat banal, and whose dancing lacked the vitality necessary to make David's influence over Saul convincing. Personally, I always find Massine's choreography rather mechanical and uninspired, and his choreography to "David" is no exception. It lacks vividness, spontaneity, and invention; which is a pity, as the subject is a good one for a ballet, and one in which Mme. Rubinstein ought to find scope for her talents.

The other novelty was Ravel's world-famous "Bolero," which I suppose has been played during

[Continued on page 132.]



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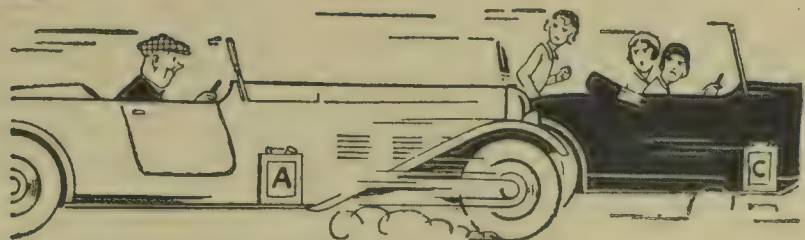
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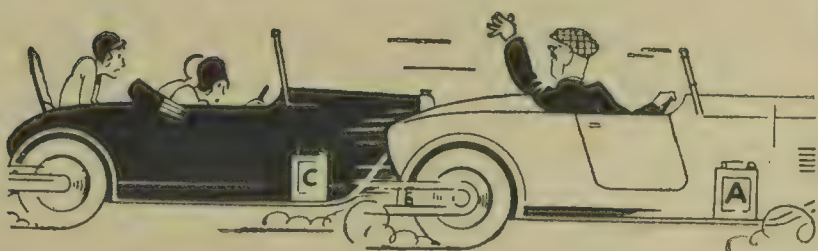
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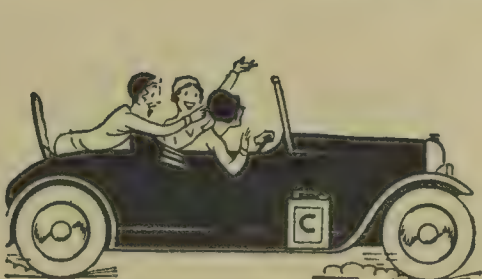
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TRANSATLANTIC CONVERSATIONS.

(Continued from Page 106.)

and, as its mass is supported by a skeleton of steel nickel, it shone that day in the sun like a mountain of silver among the liquid gold which submerged the town. It had been finished and solemnly inaugurated a few days before: rather a melancholy inauguration, for the immense edifice, which was to shelter millions of offices, was still almost empty. My interlocutor showed me a small tower at the summit of the great mass of the edifice, and asked me:

"What do you think of the men who built that edifice? Do you think they are mad?" I did not answer. But my interlocutor smiled.

"You also think they are mad. Do not mind saying so. All New York, all the East, all the West, all America are of the same opinion. To make a building more than a thousand feet high, where 25,000 people can come to work every day! To spend 52 millions of dollars; I say 52 millions of dollars—how many would that be of the poor francs or lire of your country which are worth so little? And to build an enormous edifice which is nearly empty. Up till now it only serves, like the Eiffel Tower, as a viewpoint from which to see Manhattan, the Hudson, the ocean. One can go up by paying one dollar and the view is magnificent. From up there an automobile looks no bigger than an insect. Have you been up?"

I made a sign of assent. My interlocutor talked with a smile on his face, as if he were telling me amusing stories. He went on, his eyes sparkling with malice: "Yes, one must be mad, mad, super-mad to build such extravagant things. All New York thinks so and says so. But I, without being old, have lived long enough to have made a collection of instructive remembrances. And I remember when the Equitable, the famous insurance society, built its edifice. It seems very small to-day. But at that time it was a hyperbolic building like the Empire Building. It also was inaugurated, like the Empire Building, while it was still nearly empty. And, like the Empire Building, it remained empty during a year or two; it found its first tenants with great difficulty by lowering its prices. Then, also, men were ready to give a certificate of madness to the men who had built it. Was it possible to be so completely without common sense? But

a few years went by; and one after another the floors began to be peopled; and little by little one after another, they filled up; a few years later there was not even the smallest corner empty. In short, it was a splendid success. What had been necessary in order to accomplish this? Nothing but a little patience. I tell you that it will be the same with the Empire Building. It is only a question of time and patience. Prosperity will return and the public will take possession of that immense edifice which is empty to-day."



SPEECH DAY AT THE KINMEL SCHOOL, DENBIGHSHIRE: LORD ABERCONWAY PRESENTING THE PRIZES.

My interlocutor no longer argued about his optimism; he had become prophetic. His vision soared above the contingencies of what was or was not possible. However, the argument which he used to express his faith exposed such a breach to a counter-attack that his adversary could not resist the professional temptation of profiting by the opportunity given him, although he was convinced of the inutility of engaging in a dialectic joust.

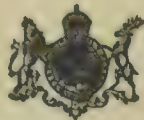
"It may be you are right. The resources at the disposal of our epoch and of your country are so great. . . . The world will not come to an end because Europe has made an enormous war and a halting peace, or because America has allowed herself to be dazzled by the mirage of eternal

prosperity. But, even if your predictions should be realised, your reasoning would be no less sophistical and fallacious. The proof of this is that one can repeat it until it becomes absurd. Because, thirty years ago, they profitably constructed skyscrapers of thirty or forty storeys, you conclude that they are right to construct the same to-day, but with a hundred storeys, which will be profitably let, like the preceding ones, by merely patiently waiting a little. Why do you stop your reasoning at that point? Go on; it will be reasonable in thirty years' time to construct skyscrapers of two hundred storeys, in fifty years of four hundred, and so on. That conclusion would be absurd, would it not? Man is a limited being; never forget it. There is a limit to all that he does; to the development of riches in America as there is in the height of skyscrapers. You would not wish to build a second Tower of Babel in the middle of New York so that you might mount up to Heaven?"

I had made this Biblical allusion smilingly as an innocent pleasantry, without any malicious intention. I expected an energetic declaration, simple and proud of unlimited progress, the privilege of humanity renewed by the science of the nineteenth century. The idea of unlimited progress is very popular among Americans; I had already noticed that in the America of 1909, which was still much more prudent, reasonable, and European than the America of 1931. The person with whom I was speaking seemed to me specially prepared to be seduced by the idea of unlimited progress. He was one of those men, more numerous in America than in Europe, who live on the confines of the active and intellectual life. After having worked in several different industries, he was at that time directing an important publication. The optimism of the man of action was wedded in him to the facility of generalising and deducting proper to the writer.

On the contrary, he did not answer me at all. He thought for a moment; then suddenly exclaimed: "The Tower of Babel! I never thought of that . . . it was the first and most celebrated skyscraper."

What latent ideas had been stirred in that Puritan conscience by my words? Again he was silent for a moment, then he said hesitatingly and as if half-frightened: "And God punished us for having built it . . . with the Confusion of Tongues."



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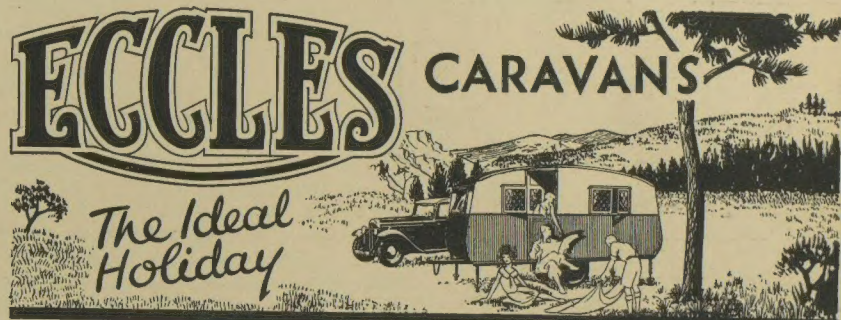
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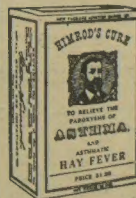


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IDA RUBINSTEIN'S BALLETS.—(Continued from page 128.)

the past year, by every band in existence. This work is a great improvement as a ballet, where the variety of movement relieves considerably the monotony of the music and heightens the cumulative effect. But here, again, the performance was disappointing. It absolutely lacked the fiery *brio* and intensity needed. Mme. Rubinstein danced as if she were tired, and the whole effect was mediocre, in spite of the very attractive dresses and setting by Benois. Maurice Ravel conducted the performance himself, and it was noticeable that he kept strict time throughout *crescendo* without *accelerando*. Quite the opposite effect was that of Ravel's "La Valse," with choreography by Mme. Nijinska, who also was the choreographer of "Bolero." According to the programme, the *décor* as well as the music of "La Valse" is by Maurice Ravel. It is extremely attractive, and won a spontaneous outburst of applause from the audience when the curtain rose. Mme. Rubinstein danced in this with much more verve, and the whole production was an immense success. "La Valse" also is much better as a ballet than as an orchestral piece. Borodin's "Nocturne" was chiefly notable for the beautiful setting by Benois. In fact, on the visual side everything Mme. Rubinstein has given us so far during her season has been magnificent.—W. J. TURNER.

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ENCHANTMENTS OF THE MIDDLE AGE.

(Continued from page 98.)

of the ancient line of the Counts of Tyrol. For hundreds of years the lords of Schloss Tyrol had ranked among the greatest nobility in the land; for nearly a century past they had been sovereign princes. All this was now changed in the twinkling of an eye by the scrawling signature affixed to a piece of vellum by an aged and dissipated woman—a woman whose personality still exercises a fascination over the imaginations of the Tyrolese. In the year 1363 she signed away her country, and it remained in Habsburg hands, showing almost unvarying loyalty in good times and in bad (there was a brief Peasants' Revolt in 1525) until 1918.

All this, and much more, we may learn from Mr. Morrow's delightful book. Whoever reads it will be able to talk, and possibly to feel, as if he had lived in Tyrol all his life.

"The Other Château Country" is written in a slightly more popular and personal style. Miss Woods takes us with her, as it were, through the valley of the Dordogne; lets us share some of her triumphs and set-backs as a sightseer, and immediately wins our confidence in her discrimination. Surely no country in the world is richer in mediæval castles than the Dordogne; nowhere can it be easier to evoke the Middle Ages. Mr. Morrow sees the dark side of feudalism: Miss Woods believes it to have been a beneficent system: the feudal bond "was indeed vitally a bond of family. In the whole idea of social organisation, and intimately in the mind of the lord, his dependents and vassals were his children, whose lives centred about his hearth. 'I and my kindred will march against you,' one

baron threatened another in an old ballad, 'twenty thousand strong.' Like a father, he told his many 'children' what to do, and like a father he took care of them."

I am not competent to say how far this optimistic view of feudalism will bear examination, but one thing is certain—her sympathy with the period adds greatly to the charm and value of Miss Woods' book. She not only describes the relics of feudalism (castles are so numerous in the Dordogne that one's mind can hardly keep pace with them), but she interprets them. Périgord, Périgieux, Castelnau-Bretenoux, Belcastel, Brantôme, Rocamadour are romantic-sounding names; but most of us would be rather put about if called upon to say why: even romance must have a substratum of fact or fable. Miss Woods, though she travelled in a motor-car along the roads of France that are "only slightly touched by the unrestrained money-making enterprise that makes American highways hideous," lives imaginatively in the past: a castle to her is not a building but a symbol, a symbol whose power over the mind is enhanced by the stories that have collected round it. Rocamadour, for instance: who could guess the derivation of that mellifluous name? The legend is that, after the death of the Virgin Mary, the aged Zacchæus, with his wife, Saint Veronica, left Judea and found his way to the shore of Aquitaine. Burying himself in the forest of Quercy, he built two oratories on almost inaccessible peaks. Because of his solitary life he was known as Amador; "that is, *amateur de la solitude*, or *amator solitudinis*, the lover of solitude. The little town that its first builders called Roc-Amador perpetuates his name. A charming story, and only one of the many that give life and colour to Miss Woods' instructive, pleasantly-written, beautifully-illustrated book. L. P. H.

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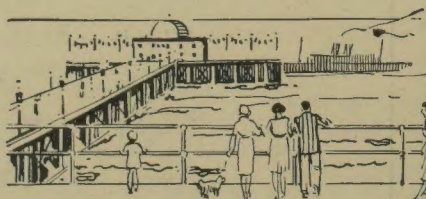
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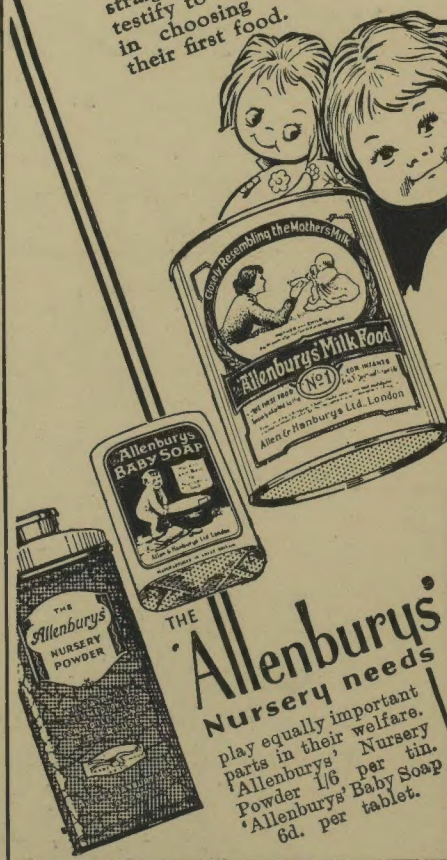
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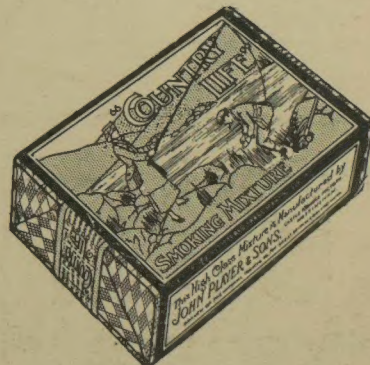
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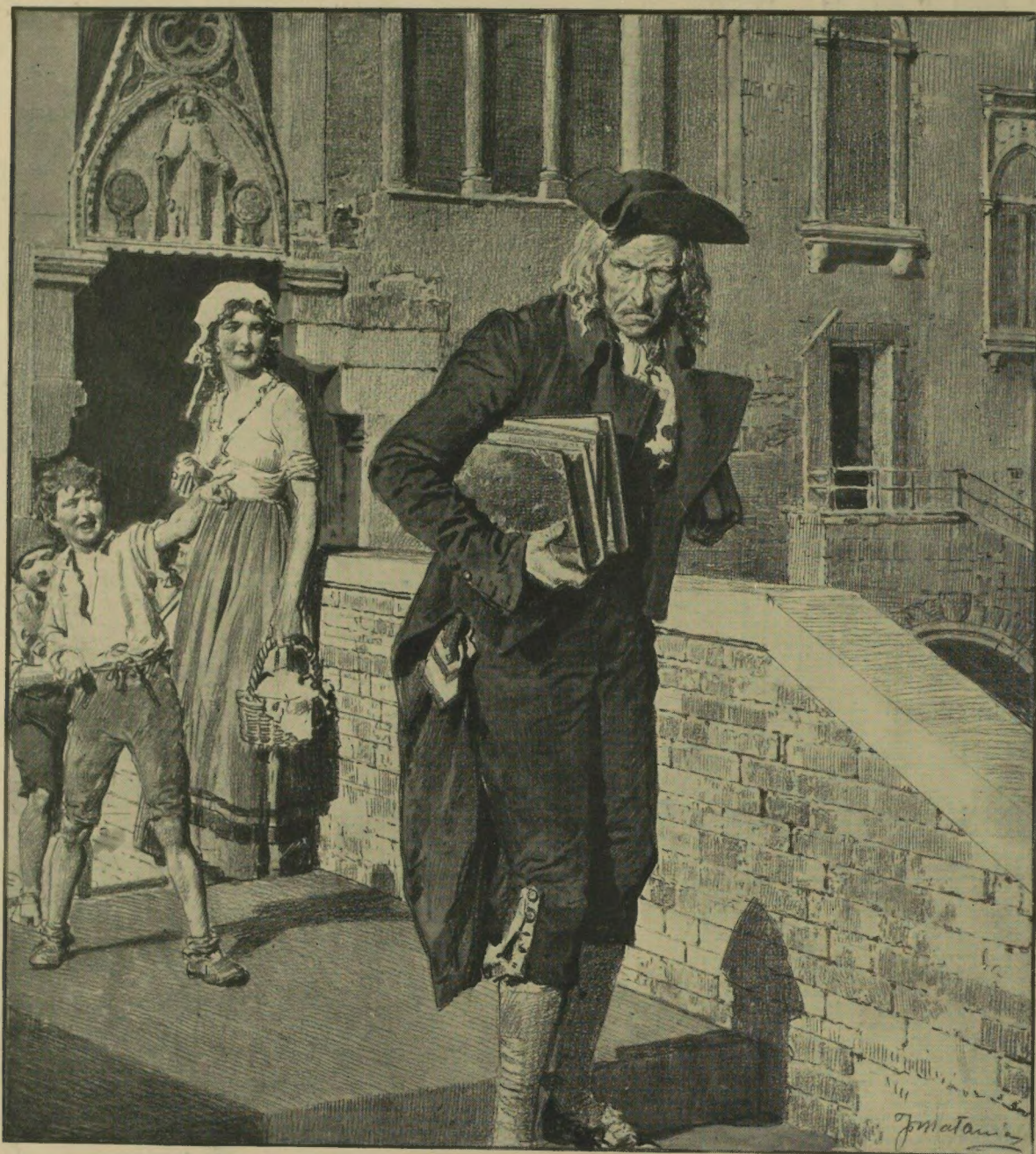
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